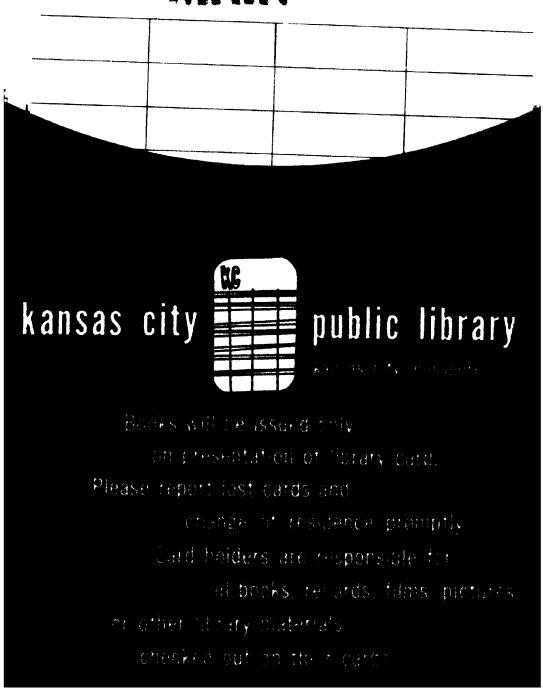

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Harvard Yard in the golden age

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ROLLO WALTER BROWN

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R. W. B.

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1. The Yard

NO MATTER when one saw the Yard, it was a human enterprise worth seeing. Especially in the morning in late autumn when the wind was swirling the leaves everywhere beneath the elms, and sending undulations of pink or claret through the ivy still able to cling to the sunny, protected side of Appleton Chapel, did the Yard suggest the kind of haven that the founders must have had in mind. President Charles W. Eliot made his way from the little red brick house on Quincy Street across toward University Hall—very presidential-looking in his tall, flat-topped derby hat; and a whole community of mature professors of great or lesser distinction came from their houses close by in the neighborhood and pushed along toward their classrooms through the students who crowded the board walks.

Teachers who were so full of vitality that they brought healthy disquietude and doubt and awakening to whomsoever they touched were there in high percentage. They were such men as William James and Josiah Royce and George Santayana and George Herbert Palmer and Hugo Münsterberg in philosophy; Dean Le Baron Russell Briggs and George Lyman Kittredge and Adams Sherman Hill and William Allan Neilson and Barrett Wendell and John Hays Gardiner and Byron S. Hurlbut and many others in English; Charles R. Lanman in Sanskrit; Edward Channing and Ephraim Emerton and Albert

Bushnell Hart and Charles Homer Haskins and Frederick J. Turner in history; F. W. Taussig in economics; Theodore W. Richards in chemistry; Nathaniel S. Shaler in geology; W. W. Fenn and Francis Greenwood Peabody and George Foot Moore and Edward Caldwell Moore in religion; John Knowles Paine in music; Kuno Francke in German; J. H. Wright in Greek; E. L. Mark in anatomy; Paul H. Hanus in education; Charles Eliot Norton—still appearing occasionally—in the fine arts; and on and on. Across the street was the Law School with its own celebrated men, and across the river in Boston, the Medical School.

One heard very little about the buildings in the Yard—save the wish that the ugliness of some of them could be more completely hidden by the ancient elms and the ivy—but one heard much about the professors. To be sure, they were very unlike; they were very unequal. There were among them those who seemed to have lost sight of what the founders of Harvard had had in mind; there were others who contented themselves with the machineries of education. But despite these, despite everything, the original idea of saving and freeing the human spirit was somehow clearly expressed.

And the students, as well, succeeded in expressing purpose. There were, to be sure, the pampered youths who batted about at night, and paid some conscientious fellow student to come and get them out of bed in time for eleven-o'clock classes; who depended upon a hired tutor before examinations; who would have died rather than admit enthusiasm for anything; and who protested at dinner and dances that the over-aggressive Jews or the over-aggressive Westerners or the over-aggressive sons of New England mill hands were disturbing the genteel atmosphere of the Yard. They were socially important, but in a declining minority. The students who gave intellectual tone to Harvard were the hungering, the dreaming, who came from everywhere—from right in the shadow of

Harvard in Cambridge, from Back Bay or Dorchester, from Texas, from more distant corners of the earth. They came because they believed that some teacher or two at Harvard would help them along in their explorations. They went out and built tunnels under the Hudson, or pushed toward the North Pole, or became holders of high public office, or engaged in lifelong combat with disease, or taught in hundreds of colleges and very conscientiously encouraged their best students to come for further study where they themselves had come.

My own friends must have been but representative. My roommate was a German Catholic from Ohio; another close friend was a Quaker from Pennsylvania; another was a Mormon from Utah; one was a Presbyterian from Indiana; two were pure pioneers from the Dakotas; another was from Iowa; another from Virginia; another from Japan; another from France; another from Bulgaria—a man who made the long trip from Cambridge to Ohio to visit the grave of Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, the newspaper correspondent who became known in the 1870's as Bulgaria's liberator.

These students—and they came from every social and economic class—had zest for the life they were living at the moment. They were aware of what they were trying to do. Something like twenty-five hundred of them ate together in two dining halls, Randall and Memorial. They saw one another three times a day. Groups made up tables from among acquaintances who might be expected to contribute something of interest. At a table in Randall we ranged all the way from freshmen to fourth-year graduate students and third-year law men. One could eat as much or as little as one chose to pay for. For small pocketbooks there were always cheap SPECIALS. On January 14, 1904, for instance, there was a COMBINATION LUNCH—on the trays and ready for instant delivery—of cream-of-chicken, liver and bacon, Lyonnaise potatoes, applesauce, bread coconut pudding, roll and butter, and any beverage on

the bill of fare—all for sixteen cents. The men who ate such a meal discussed everything from the new World Series to the plays in the Boston theatres and the latest philosopher or politician on the horizon. At Memorial Hall, where the great of Harvard's history looked down from the walls at those who ate, the cost was slightly higher, but the tables expressed the same diversity. Men would eat in one hall one year and in the other the next. But always there were the same many reminders that they were in an intellectual community.

Sometimes there were protests that it was too coolly intellectual. When men felt it to be so, they could always find liberalizing relief without going far afield.

Some of this could be found in the interesting visitors who came to the Yard. From time to time, Henry van Dyke, whose books had just then made him a popular figure anywhere, came up from Princeton to preach in Appleton Chapel upon such texts as "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth," and the students crowded in to hear him. Lyman Abbott came, too, and was heard with deep respect as the editor of the *Outlook*. James Bryce was a very great favorite. Students knew him through *The American Commonwealth;* and they liked his keenness in picking up the latest American expressions in politics—"Stand-patters," for instance. Johnston Forbes-Robertson came, too, and under the guidance of George Pierce Baker revealed to all who could squeeze into Sanders Theatre that the Elizabethans had had their own notions about producing plays.

Other visitors were diverting in their own special ways. One day Carrie Nation, fresh from smashing saloons in the Midwest, took possession of Sanders Theatre, made eloquent specific suggestions for brightening a young man's way, and sold hatchets in the interest of her cause. Dr. William Osler, then at the height of his great repute, came one spring to discuss immortality. Not long thereafter he made his startling declaration that "the effective, moving, vitalizing work of the

world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty"; and that he had been led to wonder if there were not very great advantages in chloroforming men at sixty. The last fragments of anything he had said about immortality were after that completely obscured.

There were echoes out of the past, too. The last of the New England group of writers had gone, but at University Teas where students had opportunity to meet the wives of professors —many of them brilliant and charming women—and at other relaxed times, there was unaffected talk about what "Mr. Longfellow" was like as a teacher—he unobtrusively caused students to shift their point of view—or what "Mr. Emerson" had one day said when he was in Cambridge. And at any time one could walk to the Longfellow House or Elmwood, or go out to Concord and tramp round Walden Pond, and visit the Old Manse and Emerson's house, and the Alcott house and the Hawthorne house, and talk with men and women who had once casually taken for granted all these figures that now were recognized as historic.

Over in Boston, likewise, the life of the past just touched hands with the life of the moment. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who liked to feel that he was one of the group now gone, was still there, though few people ever saw him; and he wrote a play, *Judith of Bethulia*, for the energetic tragedienne Nance O'Neil. Edward Everett Hale, known then to every schoolboy as the author of *The Man without a Country*, still preached in his church and then at noon went downstairs to a basement auditorium and spoke to large groups of the young on such practical matters as personal budgets, when to marry, learning to live together, and the importance of a few simple beliefs.

John Singer Sargent was enjoying a worshipful popularity. When an exhibition of his portraits of wives and daughters and uncles and grandfathers was held in the Museum of Fine Arts in Copley Square concurrently with a memorial exhibition of

Whistler's etchings—Whistler had died only a short while before—the line of visitors to the Whistler rooms was thin and quiet compared with the eager throngs pushing in to see the Sargent portraits. In those early years of the century, too, it was much the style to climb the great stairway of the Public Library to see the Abbey murals in all their newness.

The theatre was flourishing then, completely oblivious of any Hollywood that might ever come along and steal so great a part of the theatre's audience. Henry Irving filled the Colonial to overflowing in his announced last appearances. Otis Skinner cracked his whip with a grand flourish at Ada Rehan in *The Taming of the Shrew.* Sothern and Marlowe were giving students—and all others—an opportunity to see a great performance of *Romeo and Juliet.* Maude Adams was much worshiped by all youthful theatre-goers. And Nance O'Neil came to Boston to have the great year of glory of her lifetime—in the plays of Ibsen and Sudermann. And along with the theatre there were always rush seats at Symphony Hall.

There also was a distantly mysterious social life in Boston which students rarely had opportunity to enter, but which afforded speculative conversation at the tables in the dining halls. A young woman named Amy Lowell, a sister of the Professor A. Lawrence Lowell in Harvard, was heard about because of her unconventional notions of poetry and because she reputedly smoked cigars. And Mrs. Jack Gardner was a person that everyone was supposed to have heard something about—though just what, nobody seemed able to say with definiteness. It was understood, however, that she maintained a lavish household, and that she was so peremptory in commanding her friends to come to dinner that even President Eliot obeyed.

But always it was back in the Yard that students found the mounting center of life. The Yard came to be a symbol of something that stood higher than they did. In the quiet of evening in the spring when the earth was pushing with vitality, the Yard caused one to linger for a moment on the steps of Uni-

versity Hall. The spreading elms were fuzzy with the promise of growth. The honest-looking brick walls of Massachusetts and Harvard and Hollis and Stoughton and Holworthy led one to wonder just where there was another academic enclosure that provided the same solid peace.

Spring might have been a time of uncontaminated enjoyment had not final examinations been always clouding the skies much or little. But as it was, there were moments when one could be aware of the transformation that Cambridge experiences in going from the drab bareness of winter to the full leaf and bloom of late May or early June. For in the beginning of summer all the drabness has been lost in an ocean of trees and shrubs and wisteria, and the evening air in the whole of central Cambridge bears the faint freshness of the lilacs that bend above every fence and wall and driveway.

In those times Class Day was still important in the Yard. It was a democratic occasion. All day and all evening the thousands of fathers and mothers and sisters and sweethearts of candidates for degrees moved about beneath the elms and met everyone else's family and friends, and heard the music of the bands, and watched the play of the great white-painted fountains, and dodged the Chinese lanterns that hung low where they were strung without number in every direction from tree to tree.

On Class Day a student sometimes had an experience that modified his notion of the human race: he sometimes met one of his professors who had not hurried away to the Cape or the White Mountains or Europe. And talking with a professor after the last marks are in and everything is settled is an experience that could never quite have been paralleled at any time before. It was the beginning of being able to see a little better, perhaps, what professors in the Yard were like. With the passing of time it was easy to imagine that one could see them better still. So here are a dozen of them as they came to look to one man whose life they had touched.

2. *An Olympian*

IT IS difficult to think of Charles William Eliot as a mere human being. He was some sort of remote superman, was he not, who lived and acted quite beyond the scale of ordinary mortals? His years stretched well through three quarters of the nineteenth century and quite through the first quarter of the twentieth. Only six of the Presidents of the United States had completed their terms of office before his birth; he had lived three years before Victoria became Queen of England; and he was almost ready to enter college when gold was discovered in California.

He lived when there were no railroads to speak of, no telegraph, no practical use for electricity, no scientific laboratories in the colleges, no surgery worthy of the great name; and when a confessed belief in man's ability to talk over a wire or to fly in the air was often enough sneered at as proof of insanity. But he lived also when aircraft were circling the North Pole; when men were talking not merely over a wire but through the ether; when surgeons were performing the most delicate operations on limb and brain; and when scientists were looking through solid substances with a new light in a way that in his early life would have been regarded as a defiance of the Creator. To the young who look upon the Victorian Era as just within the horizon of history, and who cannot remember the sky when

there were no airplanes in it, the mere span of his life seems little short of eternity.

In like manner there is a seeming limitlessness to what he accomplished. He helped to develop the entire current system of elementary and higher education in America; he was prominent in establishing the beginnings of what today is regarded as modern medicine and modern science; he was the chief instrument in changing his own institution from a provincial college to one of the important universities of the world; he participated in every struggle in behalf of greater respect for human beings from the days of Negro slavery to the fight for a World Court in 1925. Between eighty and ninety, when most men are in their graves and forgotten, he was in the thick of the struggle for all sorts of great causes in American life. In that last decade alone he published one hundred and ninety-two articles on important questions—and writing for the press was only one of his many means of making himself felt.

Little wonder that this record should amaze his contemporaries and disciples! But is there not something interesting in the human being from whom so much has emanated? Just what manner of man was it who experienced so much and contributed so much? If the record itself is astounding, might there not be something deserving of brief consideration in the personal method and the personal life of the man by whom the record was made?

It is not possible to approach an understanding of President Eliot without bearing in mind that, despite his persistent activity, he was much alone among men. It is true that his loneliness changed in quality as he passed through the succeeding phases of his life; but he never escaped it. Despite his intimate and loyal friendships, he somehow was a man apart.

In his earlier years—in truth, until he was well past what many men regard as middle life—his loneliness was that of a fighter

who has the odds against him. In his later life, when the long stretch of years had healed the wounds of battle, he often spoke with mock-seriousness about those combative days: "No, I was never lonely; I always had a fight on my hands!" But when he was serious, his reference to them was different. "Can you fight?" *he asked a young professor who had gone to him with a disconcerting problem.*

"Why, yes," the man replied; "that is, I think I can."

"Can you fight when you are in the minority?"

"I have done so occasionally."

"Can you fight when everybody is against you—when not one man is ready to lend you support?"

"I am ready to try it if necessary."

"Then you need have no fear. But if you have convictions, it will sometimes be necessary to do no less."

His willingness, even readiness, to engage in combat was stimulated by at least two sets of circumstances. In the first place, there was something in his appearance in youth and middle life —and to a lesser degree in old age—that induced antagonism in certain people. He was nearsighted—"no oculist has ever been able to procure for me full vision"—and moved about with head aloft in seeming disregard of other people; and the prominent birthmark on the right side of his face distorted his upper lip into a suggestion of superciliousness. For some reason, boys on Boston Common enjoyed "belting" this aristocratic, arrogant-looking contemporary and—perhaps for the same reason—he enjoyed giving them in return everything the occasion required. In college he was known for his persistence and his toughness of fiber. As a young tutor at Harvard he was known for the same qualities. One year, among the undergraduates there were not enough oarsmen to make up a crew for the City of Boston Regatta on the Charles. So they called upon Eliot—there seems to have been no occasion up to that time to invent eligibility rules—and he responded. He was tall and slender then—according

to the records of the regatta he "weighed in" at one hundred and thirty-eight pounds—but he did his full share in winning the six-mile race—"six miles with three turns"!

Concerning his power as a teacher there were different opinions. But by the time he was thirty-five—he was then professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—it was proposed to make him president of Harvard. Much opposition developed. Some of his opponents said that if he were made president they would henceforth have nothing to do with the institution. He would wreck it with his over-aggressive, cold-blooded methods! There was doubt as to whether his nomination would be confirmed. Heartbroken over the death of his wife, he walked the streets, caring little whether he was made president of Harvard or not. But his appointment was confirmed.

When he assumed the presidency he seems to have made every effort to reveal the catholicity of his views. His inaugural address—October, 1869—would still constitute an excellent school for college administrators. But the situation which confronted him in his new office called for heroic action and he was not one who would hesitate to take such action. So with a reputation already established for enjoying a fight, and with a situation at Harvard that required many changes if the institution were to command the respect of the world of scholars, he very soon had a worse reputation for pugnacity than he had before he took up his duties. Many, it is true, found assurance in his clear-sighted activity, but when a professor in the Medical School asked him why so many changes had to be made and he replied, "There is a new president," many others were only convinced anew of the high-handed methods the new president meant to employ.

So he moved about in a world that was chiefly hostile. "In all the early part of my career as a teacher and an educational administrator," he said in an address before the Massachusetts

Historical Society a few months before his ninetieth birthday, "I was much engaged in controversy, not to say combat, and that at home as well as outside of Harvard. In all my public appearances during those years, I had a vivid sense that I was addressing an adverse audience." At home many of the members of his own faculty derided him and his educational schemes; students—some of whom were later made members of the faculty and became his staunch supporters—enjoyed poking at him the kind of fun that carried a sting; and in the outside world pretty nearly everybody welcomed an opportunity to make him a target. "One of the painful recollections of my life," one of his lifelong friends once said, "was to see men lying in wait for him and assailing him whenever he appeared in an educational meeting." To all the other reasons for denouncing him, the friends of Yale added yet one more by showing how Yale had not—at that time—adopted Eliot's pernicious system of letting college students choose their own courses of study. Wherever he went he was grimly serene in the consciousness that most of the people around him were at heart his opponents.

That he was able to survive this stormy period—which reached into the last decade of the nineteenth century—may be attributed to two or three qualities of his character. He was tenacious. In his later years he confided to younger men that he believed much of his success in combat resulted from his ability to turn aside at once when he was utterly blocked and take up for the moment some simpler struggle where the promise of victory was greater; then, when he had learned more strategy and had regained confidence in himself, to return to the major struggle, often enough greatly to the surprise and consternation of his adversaries. When he was once convinced that the idea for which he struggled was an essential one he did not often accept defeat.

Another quality which enabled him to survive was his loftiness. He did not become embroiled in little affairs. He insisted

that every struggle in which he participated should be conducted on a high level. There was nothing insinuating in his method; he was not afraid to carry a position by frontal assault. He abhorred cunning, and he did not need it; for he was strong. Once after a lively session of the Harvard Board of Overseers, he good-naturedly reproached one of his friends on the board, "Why did you not come to my support when you saw so many against me?" The friend replied, "It was such good fun to see you flatten them out one by one, yourself."

In such struggles he was generous in hearing opposition and was ready to be convinced by it. But whether or not he was convinced, he gave his opponents a full hearing. When he advocated that college students under certain circumstances should be allowed to graduate in three years, he met strong opposition in the faculty. Whether he was moved wholly by a generous fairness, or partly by a boyish readiness to give every advantage and prove that he could still win, he gave the opposing members the use of the university printing press in order that they might have every facility in combating his cherished scheme. . . . It must have been only his high sense of fairness; for at the end of the year, with these men's destinies in his hands, he promoted some of them to full professorships.

When men came close to him, moreover, whether as opponents or as allies, they found in him another quality which added to his ability to survive. He was, despite the casual observation that he was a hard and cold New Englander, a man of profound emotional experience. He suffered deeply when he suffered, and he enjoyed deeply when he enjoyed; and he had the great range of sympathy which goes with depth of feeling.

Early he was left with a family of children by the death of the first Mrs. Eliot, and for some years—some of the stormiest of his public career—he had to be not only president of Harvard, but father and mother in his own household. Then he met the spirited and beautiful Miss Hopkinson who was to become

the second Mrs. Eliot—and he proved to be just as aggressive a suitor as he was a college president. How could it matter what the watchful ladies of Cambridge thought? He marched erect and in full view along Garden Street carrying a bouquet of flowers to the fascinating young creature!

She was beloved by her friends as a singer of unusual charm and as an irresistible mimic. When she became the second Mrs. Eliot she had her part in developing qualities in her husband that the less discerning had failed to detect in him at all. They began the day by singing: by singing hymns; by singing—according to veracious guests—the most orthodox hymns! They rode bicycles together—until President Eliot was well past seventy. They entertained their old and young friends in great simplicity and in great good humor. On Christmas Eve they welcomed the Harvard students who were so far away from home that they had to remain in Cambridge over the holiday season. No one who was a guest at one of those evenings can forget the group that gathered round the fireplace, with President Eliot warming his hands in rapt silence, Mrs. Eliot beaming with sly good humor, and Charles Eliot Norton, stooped with age into a great curve, reading with restraint and beauty the Gospel story of the birth of Jesus.

Mrs. Eliot put him through the paces of a happy, objective, and not too serious life. To the end of her radiant days she whimsically corrected him when he did not see according to her standards of humor. After the international celebration of his ninetieth birthday he was recounting with delight all that had taken place at the meeting. "But do you know, I couldn't hear a word of Peabody's prayer." With sunshiny humor Mrs. Eliot observed, "He wasn't speaking to you, dear!"

Beneath the austerity which his years of combat accentuated, she knew him to be full of the great tenderness once so generally ascribed to women. When stern college discipline was required he could enforce it; but he often did so with tears in his

eyes. On one occasion when his conscience told him that he must support one of his deans who had dismissed from the college the son of a widow who appeared at the president's house in her son's behalf, he finally withdrew from the conference. Later Mrs. Eliot came to explain that he was so moved he feared he could not talk. He was a sound sleeper; he boasted in his old age that he could go from the stormiest debate late at night and be lost in sleep in a few minutes. Yet occasionally when he arrived at University Hall in the morning he admitted that he had been unable to sleep for thinking about the tragic misfortune of young So-and-So.

That he was able to survive his long period of combat is not, then, mysterious. Most men are chicken-hearted; a tenacious man overawes them. Most men who undertake a struggle lose themselves in bickerings and in hot debates over nonessentials; a man who keeps his head high and refuses to turn aside to enjoy the transient satisfaction of putting his adversaries in the hole very soon finds that his fellows are looking to him for guidance. Most men expect an adversary to be without sympathetic understanding; a man full of tenderness for fellow mortals—unregenerate though many of them be—takes away their cherished basis on which to oppose him. Sometimes it becomes an honor to know such a man, even if the acquaintance has come through opposing him.

"Do you suppose anybody ever called him Charley?" one man asked another as they talked about his serene loftiness at seventy. Perhaps, they thought, the second Mrs. Eliot might have done so, since she was always taking liberties with him. Still, as they turned the question over, even that seemed improbable. He was too much of a lawgiver to be thought of trivially. These two men had the greatest affection for him—one of them greater affection than for any other man he had ever known—and they turned to him for counsel on every sort of problem. Yet

they found it difficult to think of him as anybody's intimate.

Their feeling revealed the position occupied by President Eliot in his late middle life and earlier old age. His full height, his magnificent gray head, his deep, sensitively modulated voice, his firm but easy bearing, commanded profound respect. He had fought through many stormy years, and had developed a circumspect manner of looking at things. He had come to possess a rare capacity for disengaging not merely the essential things, but the things that give life its color, its bloom. So, despite all else that he did in this period, he came to be looked upon as a very august man who stood in a high place and dispensed wisdom on many matters. Not that he refrained from entering energetically into the affairs of the hour! But it was not in his character to participate in anything as a mere equal. He participated as a benevolent Saint Bernard would enter into the play of puppies. Wherever he chanced to be, he towered above his associates.

Many people said he uttered commonplaces as though they were oracular. His adversaries—and he still had plenty of them—protested that he thought himself infallible. They invented such pleasant instances as "President Eliot says, 'I think it shall rain this afternoon.'" They asked if there might not be found somewhere one tiny instance of his being very, very slightly in error. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether any man continued to be consulted on so many diverse matters. The education of little children; the best places to invest small sums of money; the merit of this or that long manuscript—on chemistry, philosophy, education, poetry; the thing to do when the son of a millionaire marries the daughter of a boardinghouse keeper in Cambridge; the internal affairs of China; the training of ministers of the Gospel; freedom of speech; the education of the Negro; landscape architecture; the study of music and art in colleges for young women—with countless matters of such variety his days and much of his nights were taken up.

When he dealt with such matters there was in him a trace of the impetuous warrior, but of the warrior who has fought his way to a point of vantage. He stood in good-humored composure before a hostile audience of laborers in Faneuil Hall—the chairman promised punishment for any delegates who indulged in catcalls while President Eliot spoke!—and explained just why he was opposed to picketing. He dealt with the picturesque, electric Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, precisely as a vigorous grandfather would spank an obstreperous ten-year-old boy. He stood before theologians and told them of the religion of the future and why it would "make Christ's revelation seem more wonderful than ever to us." He prepared —with aid—a five-foot shelf of books which he said would provide a liberal education for the men and women who mastered them. When architects and building committees could find no suitable inscriptions for public buildings and other monuments, he provided something lofty and enduring.

In truth, the great dignity and gravity with which he said everything led many to believe he had no sense of humor. He had. Often he revealed the subtlest humor. But, as someone once observed, his humor was "unreliable." He was not pliant in the hands of a given occasion. There was sometimes a chasm between what the occasion would seem to call for and what President Eliot actually uttered. When a brilliant young scholar, about to be added to the teaching force at Harvard, was led to him for presentation and was fearful that his scholarship might not bear the unwonted strain, President Eliot bowed, and with grave serenity said, "I am very happy to meet you. But you are not large."

"No," the young teacher admitted, "I am not very large."

"Are you vigorous?"

"Why, yes; I believe I am stronger than my size indicates."

"Do you take exercise in the open air?"

"Yes, I walk several miles every day."

"It is a very excellent thing for a young man to do. Good morning!"

But with all his top-heavy seriousness, men came to recognize in him the elements of greatness. He had rounded into that period of active life when a man's contributions are beginning to stand revealed—if they are ever to do so. Men began to sum him up, to speak about what they had seen him do. They had seen him change the Harvard Medical School from a careless institution where students attended instruction only four months in the year and were obliged to pass in only five chief departments out of nine—with tragic results for patients—into one of the important schools of the world.[1] They had seen him convert the Harvard Law School into an institution of which an eminent foreign jurist said: "It is without equal in any land." They had seen him, an amazing judge of men and a person unmindful of petty enmities and prejudices, surround himself on all sides with scholars of distinguished ability and great personal power. They had seen him become a strong ally in the development of a more adequate education for women. And atop all, they had seen his despised elective system—despite all the abuses to which it is open—go to every part of the country and become a means of liberalizing men's thinking.

[1] *President Eliot's own version of an incident in the reform of the Medical School* (HARVARD MEMORIES, Harvard University Press. 1923):

"The hour of taking the final vote on the acceptance of this plan by the Board of Overseers approached, when suddenly Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who had recently returned from rendering a very great service as Minister to England from the United States during the Civil War, said to me, 'Whom shall I put into the Chair?'—he was President of the Board of Overseers—'I wish to speak.' I had not the faintest idea on which side of the hot debate Mr. Adams was going to speak. He had uttered no word during the three meetings which had already been devoted to it. But he soon stepped out on the floor, and as he began to speak, it was evident that he was much stirred. There was a fierce glare in his eyes, and his face grew red as he told this story:

" 'I think it is high time that the Harvard Medical School should be fundamentally changed. A young graduate of the Harvard Medical School established himself in my town of Quincy a year or two ago,

There were, moreover, less official achievements. He had enforced upon the world a theory about the sacredness of every man's work; a ditchdigger might become a "minister" if only he put enough character into his digging. He had been the chief American figure in making parents and teachers and school committees see that a boy experiences vastly more of the educative process when he works at a subject in which he delights. He had given to religion a new vigor through abundant fresh air, and to science a touch of the sacredness of religion. He had been largely instrumental in winning the fight for greater social health throughout the country. He had become the accredited daily illustration of the effect of a serene spirit on physical health. And he had with great labor established in men's minds one thought which all the intolerance of a postwar period cannot wholly dislodge; namely, that professors in universities must have the right not merely to think but to express their thoughts; that the way to develop a great university is not to badger men into playing safe, but to place faith in their loyalty to the high pursuit of truth.

and was getting along quite well in practice. But one day it was observed that an Irish laborer, to whom he had been called, died suddenly, and unexpectedly to his family. Nothing was done about it, for the family did not pursue the subject. Then another laborer, a granite-cutter in Quincy, suddenly died under this young man's care; but again nothing came of it. One day the wife of an American mechanic saw her husband, who had not appeared to her to be very sick, suddenly become comatose; and in great alarm she told the young doctor that she wanted an older physician. The oldest physician in Quincy was called in; and when he looked at the patient he said to the young physician, "What have you done for him?" To which the young physician replied frankly, "I have given him so much sulphate of morphia." "Well, doctor," the older man replied, "you have killed him"—which turned out to be the case.'

"Mr. Adams told this story and added, 'Now, I suppose this young doctor was one of those graduates of the Harvard Medical School who were required to pass only five examinations out of nine to obtain the degree. I am in favor of the proposition which has come to us from the Corporation.' The vote was taken almost immediately, and there was a strong majority in favor of reform in the School. Till that moment I had not felt sure that there would be any majority for it."

Could anyone except a great man make all these contributions —and many more? Those who once ridiculed him and his ideas did not now protest when he was referred to as "The First Citizen of the State," and later "of the Nation." Why should not men turn to him for counsel? Merely a glimpse of him as he walked erect and at peace with his own spirit was enough to reveal an extraordinary man. A student who had gone to Cambridge from an obscure village in a remote part of the country said, a dozen years after, that it was worth all the money he ever spent in Cambridge just to see President Eliot come from the little red-brick house on Quincy Street, glance about in the morning sunshine with the admiring reverence of a child, walk to University Hall, respond with amused but benevolent dignity to the salutation of the Negro boy who gathered cigarette stubs, and then, very erect, mount the steps and disappear in the building.

There was another informal proof of his accepted greatness: men were beginning to use him as a justification for reasonable conduct in daily affairs! "I was a sophomore," a man said twenty years after college, "and I had a sophomore's notions of what constituted fitness. I would not have been seen crossing Harvard Square with a package of groceries in my arm for any sum of money. In the course of the long vacation I chanced to be in Cambridge. The day was sweltering. Just before lunch time I passed the large grocery store formerly in the Square. I heard a familiar voice and looked up. President Eliot was coming from the door with an enormous watermelon under his arm. He moved off in the direction of Quincy Street. At a distance, I followed. Halfway home he put the melon down against the roots of an elm, took out his handkerchief, and mopped his brow and cheeks. But he did not rest long. Evidently somebody wanted that particular melon for lunch. So he lifted it to his arms again and moved on toward the house.

"Nothing that Harvard College ever did for me was worth

half so much as that five minutes of President Eliot's life. For he knocked out of me all the nonsense there was in me—and there was a great deal!"

Yes, there had been changes since the days when every audience he addressed was an "adverse audience." If by chance he paid the streetcar fare of some Italian woman who had lost her nickel—as any man might be expected to do—the incident was good for several inches of space in the newspapers. People liked to say that a symphony program could not begin without him. And to have him present at a wedding was scarcely less an honor than being married in the presence of the Pope!

Yet there remained in him a lofty inscrutability that discouraged intimate approach. The multitude did not try to hobnob with him. They wanted to see him, but they were content to peer at him through the wrought-iron fence of the College Yard. Even among the graduates of his own university, among men who now respected him, admired him, and sometimes loved him, there was an inclination always to appoint a committee, or name a delegate, to bear their greetings to him. He was a very wise, very good man, they felt, and he could offer the most acceptable counsel to be found anywhere. But it was not easy to feel that he entered instinctively into the everyday tribulations of his less sternly self-disciplined fellows.

As he traveled majestically into his latter eighties, the loneliness he experienced was of a new kind. The "adverse audience" of his youth had given way to an eager audience; the restraint of a public that admired his wisdom but never sought to become intimate with him gave way to warmth and an affectionate pride. Yet he was lonely.

He was still a fighter; he still gave out oracular wisdom; but he was a mellow old man who no longer aroused antagonism or induced restraint. A few people, it is true, maintained an attitude of bitterness toward him, and still contended that he was

the greatest single disintegrating force in American higher education. But the overwhelming majority looked upon him as a prophet; or if not a prophet, at least one of truth's very high priests. Men delighted in his benevolent attitude toward everyone and—some of them—were ashamed to think that they had not discovered it before. They pointed to him as the great example of a man who could change his mind with scrupulous honesty if he thought the evidence warranted it. He stood before an audience in the First Parish Church of Cambridge—when he was eighty-nine—and stated that all through his forty years as president of Harvard, and for many years thereafter, he had believed that a layman should not represent the Church publicly. But in view of the present needs of the Church, he had become convinced that he had been wrong, and he wished to make a declaration of his change of belief. He decided that, despite all the good fellowship and poetry surrounding the use of wine—he had as president always served ice cream and sherry at the traditional meetings of the Divinity School faculty—it were better as a social-health measure to have national prohibition; and he was heard without being called either a Puritan or a fanatic. All else was lost in admiration for a man who could change his mind when he was nearer ninety than eighty.

In this period he ceased to give all of his thought to the future, and became pleasantly reminiscent. More than that, he confessed one day to his oldest associate in the Harvard community that he enjoyed the experience. He welcomed undergraduates to his house and told them about the early days. Occasionally he accepted invitations to sit with them in their own informal meetings, and delighted them by the hour.

As he turned more and more to his past, he found that other men were doing so—affectionately. One day a visiting lecturer at the university passed Memorial Hall on his way to lunch, and noticed many automobiles parked on every side. He slipped into the theatre and found President Eliot—then nearly

ninety—standing before a large audience, his head aloft, his hands clasped, and his thumbs moving steadily, while he discussed a problem in education. The visiting lecturer had not talked with him for a half-dozen years. So at the close of the meeting, while President Eliot waited twenty minutes for an automobile that was to carry him to a luncheon, the two sat alone on the stage in the high-vaulted, quiet theatre and reviewed many matters. When they were ready to go, President Eliot said, "My age has affected my knees just the least bit; so if you don't mind, I believe I'll take your arm while we go down the steps."

They marched down the steps together and toward the exit, the visitor proud to have the magnificent nonagenarian firmly grasping his arm. As they stepped out into the sunshine, the visitor said to him, "When I was a student I used to enjoy seeing you on your way to work in the early morning, and I often thought I should like to tell you. Of course, I never did; but I want to tell you now."

President Eliot smiled, bright-eyed with a pleasure the visitor had never seen expressed in his face before. "Do you know," he said, for a moment half lost in sublime retrospection, "*that* is the great joy of living to be an old man. Not a few Harvard men have said much the same thing to me within the past few years. If I had died at seventy or eighty, I should have missed all that."

These expressions of a more intimate affection on the part of younger men became more numerous until they culminated in the national—even international—celebration of his ninetieth birthday. It is doubtful whether a private citizen had ever before been honored with a meeting of such official brilliance and spontaneous good will. It is doubtful whether any man in any station ever received such an outpouring of expressions of high regard. He was delighted that there was nothing "mortuary" about it all, and entered upon his part with the en-

thusiasm of youth. He not only spoke at some length to all the assembled friends and dignitaries, but went a little later in the afternoon to the College Yard and there addressed the thousands of students assembled to do him honor. To the students he spoke with a vigor and cordiality scarcely surpassed in his most resolute years—he advised them not to wait too long to marry! Then he went to his own house and engaged in a less inclusive celebration there.

He had come into his own, had he not? On every hand he was told of the fruits of his long labors. Every public appearance was an ovation. Graduates referred to him affectionately as "a great old boy." People stopped and watched in wonder and admiration when he stepped cautiously but with a trace of the old vigor from his automobile and entered the First Parish Church.

But his contemporaries had gone. The gracious, beautiful Mrs. Eliot slipped quietly away into the shadows. With a few —very few—exceptions, all the people around him were younger—much younger—than he was. He sat in the long study upstairs and conferred with men about chemistry and the scientific mind; about the rehabilitation of agriculture in Bulgaria; about international good will; and, with great concern and enthusiasm, about the religious life of college students. But he could not move abroad so readily as he once could. And most of the men who came to see him knew little of the time he knew best and loved most.

In a new way, then, he was a man apart. People talked about him as if he were a very great, very benign curiosity; how old he was when their grandfathers were born; how long he had taught mathematics and chemistry before Darwin started all this discussion of evolution; and why he never went as ambassador to the Court of St. James. Good Cambridge ladies said, "It would be nice if he could die now before he becomes too feeble. It must be dreadful just to sit and wait!"

But he had been alone before, and he could wait. When men came in from their rushing, excited world to offer their respect, he was full of questions, stories, arguments. Was a man to give up his radiance of youth simply because he chanced to be a little past ninety? Just to know that there were still so many young fighters in the world was beautiful, very beautiful. When his eyes had become dim and his hand too palsied to hold a pen, a friend sent him a volume—just off the press—in which he had quoted from Whittier's lines to Oliver Wendell Holmes. President Eliot asked his secretary to send his thanks. "Tell him," he said:

> "Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
> The evening thrushes sing."

So he sat and waited. Occasionally there were flashes of the old will, the old impetuosity; there were so many things that ought to be done; but there was not strength. Then the serenity came again. It was something, was it not, to have fought so valiantly and, all in all, so successfully? It was something, was it not, to have contributed of one's best judgment so generously? It was something, was it not, to have men everywhere speak of one with grateful affection? Could one hope for more of what he himself had modestly called "the fortunate circumstances of life"?

So, much alone, he waited.

3. *Quintet in Philosophy*

IF ANYONE were ever to find five other men bound together in just the same way by their own great differences, the search would have to be indefinitely long. They came from birthplaces as widely separated as Prussia, Spain, Massachusetts, New York, and California. They came from families as diverse in character as their birthplaces. Early, two of the five had been poets, one had had an interest in logic and mathematics, one had concerned himself with Greek, and one had for a time studied to be a painter—and was to be the father of two painters. It was but logical that when the five constituted a group, the group should be known for its great diversity of view.

Such men had to be talked over in the hit-or-miss of student fashion—on the board walks of the Yard, or at the long tables in Memorial or Randall Hall. Somebody preferred James. Somebody preferred Royce. Some more urban mind thought both of these only unsophisticated provincials when compared with Santayana. Some humbler person liked the neat, easy classifications of life that Palmer made. And always there was somebody to speak up for Münsterberg as the only one of them that applied his psychology and philosophy to the puzzling affairs of the witness stand and the industrial struggle.

Always, too, it was comforting to students, especially to those who might be at the mercy of any of the five, to pick up

shreds of reports that the five themselves made no pretense of looking upon one another's philosophies as wholly beyond improvement. Had you heard what James had written in the margins of one of Royce's books about his Hegelianism? It seemed, nevertheless, that the two were not mortal enemies, for it was not unusual to see them together as if they were fellow conspirators.

The five had repute among students in general. Men working in English or Sanskrit or biology or history had their own "big men," but these five were looked upon as the proud possession of everyone. And sooner or later nearly everyone heard one or more of the five discussing such matters as skepticism, and belief, and beauty, and religious experience, and life's ideals, and immortality. At such times it was in order to give them a thorough going-over. Had one's expectations been too high? Were there not professors in Ohio or Kansas or California who would have done just as well—or better? Was it ever appropriate for a public speaker to sit when he lectured? James's voice—wasn't it pretty tense? Or couldn't you hear Palmer better if he'd trim off most of that big mustache? Or, after all, didn't Münsterberg take just a little too much pride in keeping his German pronunciation of "zee bo-o-o-k," and the like?

Never was much said about the philosophic theories that the five might hold. It was not merely because the average college student cannot endure more than about three minutes of abstract analysis. Rather it was because these men had a personal drive and a consequent pulling power that quite diverted students from the more matter-of-fact concerns of any "formal philosophy."

George Santayana was the mystery man of the five. With a certain small number of students—a few of them my intimates—he was very much the vogue of the hour. His name alone was

worth columns of publicity. If he had been named Lycurgus Railsback—the name of another man who dreamed of being a philosopher—or merely Smith or Brown or Jones, he would have been obliged to start from scratch. But men said "Santayana" and the name rolled off their tongues so mellifluously that they at once set him far ahead for the start.

He had another advantage in mystery: he was somewhat awesomely known as Spanish. Despite the Spanish-American War, then only a few years in the past, Spain was a faraway world of Alhambras and bullfights and passionate lovers and sacrificial deaths. Just how much of this life of romance Santayana had brought with him to the Harvard Yard, no one knew. So this mystery of place only gave support to all the others.

Clearly he was not from Maine or Illinois or Colorado. His dark eyes were firm and cool, his mustache was distinguished rather than robust, his bearing was somehow a little overcivilized and he had a habit of not speaking to his known students when he passed them on the walks of the Yard. His disciples said he was preoccupied, but the more general verdict was that he was a snob.

Added to all else there were rumors that he had written vast quantities of poetry. Few had ever seen any of it, but his disciples were sure that it would put to shame anything written by the commonality of New Englanders. Very probably he was holding back all sorts of great things not alone in poetry but in nobody knew just what. He very evidently was an authority of some important kind—it was only necessary to look and see. In consequence he moved about daily beneath the ancient elms in a faintly luminous aura of distinction.

Student discussion of Royce usually turned out to be discussion of the Royce family. He himself was casual in appearance, sometimes almost disorderly. When he turned in from Quincy Street and followed the walk to Sever Hall, he was

such a strange figure with his battered soft hat closer down over one eye than the other, and with eyes red from much use, that new students not infrequently mistook him for the janitor of the building. When a redheaded freshman one day not too graciously asked him for a light, Royce reached for his vest pocket, and without the slightest change of expression handed him two extra-large kitchen matches, and went on to give one more lecture on "The World and the Individual." In the classroom, though, no one ever mistook him for anyone else. He was the only man in the world who had a bulging, tawny-gray head that seemed large enough to contain everything of importance which the human mind had slowly accumulated down to date.

He himself deserved consideration. But always Mrs. Royce played her part. In those days University Teas were manageable affairs held in Phillips Brooks House, and Mrs. Royce enjoyed talking with students. She was a vivid personality, and she was gifted with picturesque speech which she did not hesitate to employ. Her contemporaries were sometimes resentful when she exhibited their naked souls. But students gathered about her worshipfully. Metaphysics—what did she think of metaphysics? Well, had they heard of the old game of hunting the doll? You take the doll upstairs, and then you take it on up to the attic, and then you go back into a dark corner and find a trunk and put the doll deep down in the trunk. Then you go back downstairs and say, "I wonder where the doll could be." And you begin turning up rugs and moving the furniture all over the first floor; and then you go to the second floor, and throw everything off the beds and out of the linen chests and the closets; and then you go on up to the attic and empty out everything up there; and finally you say, "Do you suppose it could be in that old trunk?" and look there, where you knew it had been all the time. That was metaphysics.

Students felt a little higher up in the world after they had heard her bring the mighty down. Nevertheless they could not help believing that a certain poetic justice had caught up with her when the news made its way over Cambridge that one of her sons guardedly hung mourning on the front door just before she was to have an afternoon party, and that the guests saw, whispered in hushed voices, and silently tiptoed away.

Of course, all such discussion of the family had its origin in the silent-looking pudgy professor in search of the Absolute. They had to talk about him—so perfectly did he conform to the conventional notion of a philosopher. When Mrs. Royce remarked to a young neighbor woman, "I sometimes think I just can't stand seeing Josiah take a bite of bread the way he does," it was easy to see his unconcentrated effort. And when a neighbor boy recalled that while the philosopher walked meditatively one day, and one of his sons asked concerning a neighborhood cat that had lost an eye, "Father, why do they call him 'Oscar the One-eyed Cat?'" and his father avoided further inquiry by replying, "I suppose it is because of the monocularity of his vision," he seemed to be strictly playing the part that a philosopher ought to play.

No one could be more unlike such a professor than William James. To be merely literal and say that James was a man of medium height with an iron-gray beard and blue eyes who in the early years of the twentieth century was coming into his sixties, is not to describe James at all. For James was something beyond all these things. He was an irresistible gust of life coming down the street. Not that he moved along with any noisy kind of strenuousness. Rather he seemed to be a man who had passed through some great fire of suffering and purifying that made him alert to the world about him and responsive to every kind of people in it, so that he moved energetically along in a sensitive, universal awareness.

When he stood he was the nervous thoroughbred. If it had been possible to find and place beside him a man who was his perfect duplicate in size and clothing and beard, the duplicate still would not have suggested James, because there would have been lacking the vital mind and tingling nerves. Even in such details as the contour of the beard and the little fillip in the parting of his hair—in the middle—there was something expressive of intentness. To see him was never to forget what it means to be alive.

In the esteem of graduate students especially he had one initial great advantage. For a decade or more his textbook on psychology—admittedly the best one of its time—had been used even in the remotest little colleges of the country. Students coming from afar looked upon him with a certain awe. Think of being right here where this widely known man gave talks to the public-school teachers of Cambridge, to the Harvard Y.M.C.A., and to groups of girls at Radcliffe College! It was easy for them to accept the solidly established legend that he enjoyed Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, Walt Whitman, and a strange man named W. H. Hudson. It was known, too, that he would invite to his house an undergraduate of no special repute, and listen to him with great interest to determine whether he was a crank or a genius—if the distinction were yet beginning to show. Very clearly here was a man who was not of the average run of philosophers.

George Herbert Palmer's repute among students just at that time was based even less on circumstances related to systematic philosophies. He, a middle-aged professor at Harvard, and for many years a widower, had bravely penetrated the sylvan fastnesses of the Wellesley campus and captured the young president and brought her to Cambridge and the Harvard Yard for keeps. To Harvard undergraduates there was something unbelievably poetic about a woman's giving up the presidency of Wellesley in order to become the wife of a professor at

Harvard. And now after she had endeared herself to three or four college generations at Harvard, just as she had endeared herself to the girls at Wellesley, and after she had in many ways outshone her distinguished husband in the brilliance of her achievements—always much to his delight—she had suddenly died. Students who had gone to the spreading yellow house on Quincy Street therefore were inclined to make understated references to him as a romantic variant in the academic life.

He was a queer little figure as he crossed the Yard, his great mustache too heavy for the size of his face, his friendly but tired-looking eyes peering from deep beneath shaggy brows, a suggestion of his fine forehead showing beneath his anomalous little hat. But students smiled appreciatively when he spoke to them—as was his wont—and were extra glad that he was around.

Hugo Münsterberg—in the words of James—was "the Rudyard Kipling of psychology." When the comparison was made it was weighted with meaning. For Kipling at that time was still very young, he was voluminous, and he was the latest vogue. A decade later the comparison had not lost its point. Münsterberg was still young, still voluminously productive, and he had a vast following.

He was a great, husky German with a confident yet friendly smile that was modified somewhat by a vigorous mustache curled slightly higher on one side so that it somehow suggested hardness. When he was piqued he had a look of ferocity that students said he had acquired by trying to look like the Kaiser. Yet strangely when he sought to be profound he was not always impressive. When he read in a deep voice to represent the voice of God, the Radcliffe girls had to hide their faces from him and laugh.

His lusty ebullience made for him many devotees and at the same time many antipathies. Certain procedures that he fol-

lowed were, in consequence, half accepted, half smiled away. Always, for instance, he was generous in assigning his own books for reading. And when he said, "I must ask you to read three or four of my popular bo-o-o-ks," certain students noisily pretended to understand that he was trying to say that his "popular" books were best sellers. Experimental psychology, moreover, was new, and Münsterberg plus some of his devices kept students on the alert for something to explode over. Thus he lived in a world of faithful disciples and, simultaneously, a world of half-friendly scoffers and disbelievers.

What the students saw in the five, felt in them, was a vitality from which there was no escape. They constituted the ultimate example of influence at work. With the passing of years, men went on discussing them, reading what they had said in articles and books, comparing them and contrasting them, letting something of first one of them and then another make its way into daily remembrance, into daily practice perhaps, in constantly shifting preferences, until the view they had of the five was a much more considered view than the one in the Yard had ever been. It was a kind of race in the influence of men's minds—a silent, subtle race that attracted little attention to itself.

I was one for whom there was no escape. I read what they published, and added many of their volumes to the shelves set aside for permanent books.

The years marched along—ten, twenty, thirty of them. And then one day—one day in springtime in the hills of Tennessee—a student whom I chanced to meet stirred me to take a fresh view of the entire five.

He stood before me on a quiet college path beneath leafing trees in which mockingbirds and cardinals were welcoming the new season, and asked with the hesitancy of a country boy if the Professor Whitehead that I had mentioned—in an ad-

dress, earlier in the morning—was Professor Alfred North Whitehead. He had read all of Professor Whitehead's philosophic books and hoped for more. Beneath his arm he had a great volume of Plato, and confessed to me that he had "always liked Plato." His favorite among modern philosophers, he said, was William James.

When I told him that I used to meet James on my way from class, it was quite as if I had told him that I had met Plato.

"Then you probably saw the rest of them!"

"Yes, all of them."

He smiled an incredulous smile of acceptance. "I know it must be true, but it just seems unbelievable that anyone no older than I am should be talking with somebody who has actually seen that group."

Were they so important as that? I decided to look at them again.

UNHAPPY WARRIOR

And what was it that the procession of the years enabled one to see? What, for instance, was Münsterberg like when one looked back to him a bit less youthfully?

What one saw that had most certainly been passed over in student days was that Münsterberg was first of all a romantic poet. His early life was lived before the era of Bismarck had resulted in the making over of the Germany of the poets and musicians and artists. It was not merely that Münsterberg wrote verse for years, or that he seemed at one time to consider literature as a career, or that he was a source of great inspiration to one of his daughters who became a poet—as well as his biographer. It was rather that his natural outlook was long-distance and imaginative. He lived a life filled with the begin-

nings of mighty dreams—until the whole of his career was eclipsed in a world tragedy.

His original coming to America took on the character of high adventure. Professor James wished to put aside his work in experimental psychology in order that he might have more time for philosophy. When he invited Münsterberg to come and take over the work in psychology Münsterberg looked upon the prospect as a kind of magnificent voyage out into the unknown, and arranged to come for a trial period of two or three years. Some of his new colleagues believed that he was using the American appointment as a lever in trying to get a professorship in the University of Berlin. But for Münsterberg this possibility—if it existed—did not make his Harvard appointment less an adventure.

At that time, it must be remembered, there was not only no tension between the two countries, but in cultural relations a close friendliness. An American scarcely dared call himself a scholar unless he had studied for a time in Germany. Not a few young Americans went over, enjoyed good music, good galleries, plenty of German beer, attended an occasional lecture, and came back with a prestige so great that it smothered all possible inquiry into the extent of the university work they had actually carried on. They had "studied in Germany." Sometimes the serious young scholars who had gone over tried to set this matter straight when they were back in their own country. But so great was the repute of German culture at that time that distinctions between the pseudo and the real in it were little more than tolerated. Moreover, Germany had other substantial representatives in the United States—the many Germans of all classes who had come here to live permanently. Even when they had come to avoid military service or other distasteful requirements, they had to tell their American neighbors about the glories of the fatherland they had left. And since they usually were good citizens, their neighbors accepted

a large part of what they said. It was an era of good feeling between the two countries.

When, then, in 1902 Prince Henry of Prussia visited the United States, Münsterberg naturally wished to make his coming to Harvard—to bring a gift from Emperor William and, as it turned out, to receive an honorary degree—an occasion of great note on both sides of the Atlantic. Harvard must leave no doubt in Prince Henry's mind about the esteem in which he was held, and he must carry away with him to Germany good news of Harvard. The students were drilled in singing and cheering, and in all the other details of what was to be an impressive public appearance.

In the end, there was evidence of strain. Even President Eliot in his official words was tempted beyond his accustomed tactfulness. And then prankish students carried away the great volume of photographs sent by the Emperor as a preview of the many important casts later to be sent along for the Germanic Museum. Münsterberg was in consternation. How could he explain such American lack of respect? But the students had only thought that he regarded the volume too much as a kind of second Magna Charta. Anyhow, it reappeared!

But matters of unquestioned importance claimed him. It was proposed that the work in philosophy, now widely recognized, should have adequate housing. The new building was to be called Emerson Hall. Münsterberg was Chairman of the Division of Philosophy at the time and gave himself with enthusiasm to the enterprise. Emerson himself, after first a period of thirty years without welcome in the Yard, and then a steadily rising acceptance, would have been mystified once more if he could have looked upon the devotion of this man who had come from another part of the world and now worked as if Emerson were the chief name in philosophy deserving commemoration.

He had to come over from Ware Street so often to enjoy

the rising structure that he became a kind of permanent part of the landscape in the east side of the Yard—a good-sized man with a "Prussian mustache" and penetrating eyes, yet a face that expressed gentility when he directed his attention to anything specific. Certain people thought he was too much in the foreground, and made unkind remarks about a German inscription that belonged on the building. But Münsterberg was happy. It was good to see Emerson Hall and contemplate the future of it. It would be there for a long time.

Adventure and the distant view he found likewise when he worked in behalf of the world congress of scholars at the Saint Louis World's Fair. Here was an opportunity to bring together representatives of the culture of many nations besides Germany and the United States. In certain respects he anticipated by forty years the efforts begun at the end of World War II to bring the peoples of the earth together through education and the sciences and the arts.

Later he was giving his energies to an "America-Institute" in Germany. It was only a different expression of the same idea. The Institute was to be a center for books from America and about America. He hoped to establish sympathetic working relations first between the United States and Germany; then to extend the arrangement to include England; and eventually to have it include other chief nations of the earth.

Through all these years he had been teaching large classes and writing many books on subjects that ranged from *Psychology and Life* to *The Eternal Values*, *On the Witness Stand*, *Psychology and Industrial Efficiency*, *The Americans*, and countless articles. He was invited to many places to speak; he applied psychology as a "lie detector" in the courts; he debunked spiritualistic mediums; he expounded the psychology of employer and employee; he was a welcome guest at the White House when Theodore Roosevelt was President. Clearly he was much in the front in American life.

When World War I broke, Münsterberg believed the United States might be induced to remain neutral. There were so many Germans in the United States; there were so many German-trained professors in American universities! He carried on an unceasing campaign in behalf of his view. Obviously he did not appreciate how strong the honest feeling was in the United States against a powerful nation that would overrun Belgium in order to have an advantage in getting at France. When he tried in his writings to present Germany's case, he helped Germany not at all, and in the end called down upon himself the gravest suspicions.

The country was full of doubt about all German-Americans. But Münsterberg left no doubt about himself. In a front-page article in the magazine section of the *New York Times*, he wrote in the autumn of 1915: "Whenever during this year of displeasure Germanophobic voices have thundered against me the crushing question, Are you an American or merely a German-American? I have answered every time with a clear conscience: Neither. I am a German and have never intended to be anything else."

It was not long until there were reports that he was a paid agent of the German Government. His friends denied this, but thought he did not fathom the depths to which German agents were going in their efforts to keep the United States from joining the Allies. The feeling against him mounted—notably after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The newspapers published reports that millions in money would be available for Harvard if only the institution would throw Münsterberg out. But President Lowell, despite every kind of pressure, refused steadfastly to dismiss him or to accept his proffered resignation. We were not officially in the war—not yet—and Münsterberg had a right to his own opinions, even if they were distasteful to most of the rest of us.

Certain of his colleagues—notably George Foot Moore—felt

that he had done only what a loyal American or Englishman would have done in the same circumstances. But as the war in Europe and on the seas became more and more inhuman, feeling grew stronger against him. No one could fail to see his great unhappiness, though he ceased saying just what his point of view was.

A few months before the United States entered the war, Münsterberg came suddenly to the end of his life—and he was only in his earlier fifties—while he lectured one morning to his class at Radcliffe College. He had been obliged to see all that he had done in Harvard and America go into total eclipse through his natural but unfortunate enthusiasm for a native country in which he did not choose to reside. The complicated tragedy of international war was stronger than any man.

LOYALIST

Royce, too, bore a characterization contributed by James. Royce was "the Rubens of Philosophy." Not that it followed unfailingly that the lush or the grandiose or the vastly magical came to view in a given lecture. Sometimes he would sit solidly upright and as immovable as an Egyptian mummy and deliver a lecture so deftly fitted into an hour that the only reasonable explanation of the phenomenon was that the lecture had been prepared first and then a period of time carved out of eternity that would just include it. As the end of the hour approached, he spoke in the same careful, complete sentences that he had employed from the beginning. There was not the slightest intimation that he intended ever to stop. Undergraduates used to post bets that the bell would catch him in the middle of a paragraph or sentence some day before the end of the half year, but after the first month or so they would give up, and the

more experienced students would have the money. For safely he uttered the last word just in time.

But he was not always so immovable. Sometimes he sat up in a live serenity that would have done credit to Socrates, a faint light brightening his face as he gave full attention to error but in the knowledge that later he would be having truth emerge victorious, and revealed to young men such encompassing views as their minds had never before contemplated. A third of a century later a man of the most practical concerns said: "Not all the clergymen and theologians of a lifetime ever gave to me any such feeling of the reality of God as I once got from old Josiah in one lecture."

There were hundreds, even thousands, of such appreciative men. And yet after three or four decades Royce's books seem little read—except when they are assigned. One of his admiring students who was aware of this great neglect, and looked back to the earlier days with nostalgic fondness, called upon someone to give an adequate explanation. "Why is he so little mentioned? Why do the anthologists include so little of him? He possessed acute mental and moral perceptions, he was skilled in all the procedures of reasoning, and he had more of a rounded philosophy than any of his colleagues."

But just there, perhaps, is the answer. Men do not live by some highly perfected system—not if they live much. They live by the vital by-products of philosophy, the specific flowerings of the philosophic mind where it has pushed up through fortunate interstices in a rough-and-tumble world. Royce's philosophy seems too highly contrived to most men when they now look back upon it—too carefully developed according to some preconceived intention.

Many think they can see in it something of the whole of his life. There were hard years in the California of his youth. He might well enough have looked for a way out. His studies in Germany might well enough have been looked upon as pro-

viding him with a philosophic haven—or at least the beginnings of one. Then, nearer and nearer, it is possible to see him in great detachment struggling to have a system of philosophy that would explain all—or at least explain enough. Sometimes today, when one looks back, the magnificent rounded structure makes one think of the silent house in Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners."

He and James had to attack each other's philosophy in their books; and then in their next books print replies or defenses. And they engaged in long arguments face to face. When a young man once went to James's house for a dinner in honor of Thomas Davidson, the philosopher from the Adirondacks, he was amazed in the course of the dinner to hear James, the host, openly assail the philosophic position of Royce, one of the guests. Eventually the argument became a kind of monologue on James's part in which he was scornful of what he called Royce's "Hegelianism." The young man could scarcely believe his ears—and he was sorry for Royce. But after the dinner he was relieved to see James and Royce laughing into each other's eyes and patting each other on the arm in affection.

Fortunately Royce could often laugh at seriousness in James. When James had been hopeful in psychical research, and Münsterberg and his helpers caught Eusapia Paladino moving the table with her foot instead of with the spirits of the departed, some lines ascribed to Royce made the rounds in Cambridge, and everyone believed that they were too much like Royce ever to have been written by anyone else:

> Eeny, meeny, miney, mo,
> Catch Eusapia by the toe.
> If she hollers, then you know
> James's theory is not so.

Fortunately, too, he was sometimes able to look with humor at himself. It was a remote humor that always had seriousness

at its center or round the edges. On the way to Phillips Brooks House he remarked to a friend, "I'm going over to speak to the Y.M.C.A. on 'What Is Vital in Christianity.' " He smiled quietly, and added, "I could just as well call it 'What Is Vital in Buddhism.' " For what he meant to discuss was, "What Is Vital." When his colleague Charles R. Lanman had built a house which had a window seat that was also a woodbox, Royce was amazed at the sight. At last he said, with a pale smile playing over his face, "My window seat is like my books —impenetrable and empty."

It was when he got away from the great philosophic structure with which he was so much occupied that he revealed the personal qualities by which he is remembered. He enjoyed knowing about many things. The Faculty Minute on his life said that few men knew so much about so many matters, and that his knowledge was so thorough that even specialists respected him. He was gravely conscientious. When a colleague at Harvard wrote to him from Switzerland for some information about kleptomaniacs, Royce misread the signature and thought the man a stranger, but wrote to him in detail none the less. He had convictions. He had courage. He had fidelity. And he had a toughness of sinew, a sturdiness of spirit, that men deeply respected.

If these men found his largest work, *The World and the Individual*, a little too much like a last year's bird's nest, they read *The Philosophy of Loyalty* and felt steadied. It was possible to regard parts of the volume as a justification of things as one found them, and a reply to James's *Pragmatism.* Yet if one leafs through library copies and notices which passages young readers have marked, one knows that they found in Royce some basic assurance.

Few men ever live reflectively, quietly along into their late years and then finish off in such a strange burst of glory. He had derived much of his philosophy—possibly too much of it

–from Germany, and he had always been deeply appreciative of what Germany had contributed to the life of the world. When Münsterberg came to America it was Royce who met him and welcomed him to Boston and Cambridge. But the World War that brought a great unhappiness to Münsterberg brought to Royce an overwhelming indignation. When Germany declared openly for the destruction of the innocent and the helpless who happened to be in the way, Royce saw coming an era of intensified murder that made it impossible for him to remain silent. Then some of his own students were on the *Lusitania* when it was sent to the bottom. In horror he threw aside every pretense of neutrality, even though we were not yet officially in the war.

What agony he would have suffered had he been obliged to see rocket bombs steadily destroying the children of England, or an atomic bomb sweeping Hiroshima away in one hellish indiscriminate breath, can only be guessed. But the agonies of 1915 were enough to bring to expression all his loyalty to the helpless, all his admiration for the heroic who fought on when to the world at large the fighting was futile.

In the presence of a great audience in Tremont Temple–nearly a year before the United States entered World War I–he declared: "I have a right to possess some opportunity to fulfill the office of a man; that is, I have a right to get some chance to do my duty." And he rejoiced to say what he thought that duty was–for himself and for every American. The Belgians had revealed it to us in their heroism; the German Government had revealed it in its baseness. "And the mark of Cain lasts while Cain lives."

His words were electrifying almost beyond belief. Very literally they were heard round the world–so startling were they. They had not been the noisy eloquence of any advertised public figure; they were the outcry of a man who had lived a life of benevolent gentility and now saw a condition

of life coming when neither benevolence nor gentility would count. Millions who had never seen his name until yesterday now talked of him as one of humanity's great bulwarks. With plenty of instances before their eyes of what he talked about, they were ready to believe that what he declared was undeniably true.

He looked beyond the war, too—in the few months of life left to him—and took his stand for something more than the mere absence of hate. There must be enough of human transformation to make world co-operation possible. He worked on a small volume to be called *The Hope of the Great Community*. He admitted that anything he could at that early time utter was only "A Song before Sunrise." It was possible that the sunrise might never come; that the time might come when "there will be no further worth in the continued existence of men on this planet." The calamity that had engulfed the world might well cause anyone to lose heart. Yet men might in the end learn to work together. It was well to keep the community of mankind before our eyes, since there seemed to be no other salvation.

He was looking far and he was looking generously. It was a happy matter to be concerned with—this great community—when nations were at each other's throats and when the sight of the earth was growing dim to his active, friendly eyes. Perhaps the day might come when the prophets and the poets would be recognized as having been right all the way along.

MEDITATIVE WANDERER

Thirty years brought little to change one's earlier opinion of George Santayana. First and last he was the meditative wanderer. Wherever he chanced to find himself he felt alien

enough to contemplate with exquisite consideration the possibilities of somewhere else. Perhaps in this other somewhere he might find the quietness in which he could live untroubled by the blatant world.

In the Harvard Yard he was provided with the materials of a good time—according to his own notions of what constituted a good time. As a student he had been recognized and well treated, and within a year after his graduation he wrote in a long letter to George Pierce Baker—a letter now in the Yale Library—about the *Advocate* and all that Baker had been doing for it as editor, about many men known to both of them, and about how Baker was to let him know if anybody else should be coming to Europe, since the sight of a Harvard man was—in his own phrase—balm to his soul.

Nor as a teacher did he seem to have much ground for complaint. In the Yard he could live clothed and fed and much let alone. It is true that President Eliot sometimes annoyed him by inquiring about the size of his classes, for they were often quite small. Santayana rightly believed that the quality of the students in a class was a matter of chief importance. With this President Eliot would have agreed heartily. But his thought was that somehow a teacher implied students. And he was so patient and so generous—perhaps helped to be so by James's belief in diversity of philosophers—that Santayana could scarcely have hoped for more freedom anywhere if he meant to be a teacher at all.

One year when he went to his first meeting of a course in Scholastic Philosophy—not a course, certainly, toward which undergraduates might have been expected to go tumbling—he found only two students awaiting him. He proposed that instead of coming there twice a week for an hour, they meet in his room in Stoughton Hall in the evening once a week for two hours.

Since one of these two men later became widely known as a

scholar and as a friend of scholars in the Yard, and the other early distinguished himself as a clergyman, it might reasonably be assumed that they already possessed mental capacities when they were students. Santayana unquestionably treated them as growing men. For when the work of the course was half finished he announced that the remaining time was to be devoted to a trial for heresy. One of the two was to be Saint Bernard and the other was to be Abelard. Saint Bernard was to seek conviction, and Abelard was to provide his own defense. Santayana was to be the judge. In all the necessary inquiries into beliefs and orthodoxies and into what might constitute heresy when Saint Bernard and Abelard walked the earth, the two found what they themselves called an enriching experience. And then the trial itself had to proceed on and on in the high judicial presence. What they came to note about the judge was that he was cautiously noncommittal—or non-arrival.

Men in the Yard read *The Sense of Beauty*—or at least parts of it—but balked at the five volumes on *The Life of Reason.* When the *Three Philosophical Poets* appeared, the volume brought to Santayana a kind of recognition that belongs more in the world of letters than in philosophy. It was welcomed more than most books that were coming out of the Yard. Though it was not widely read it was read thoughtfully and appreciatively.

Santayana on his part remained the Yard's spoiled bright boy. He found bad taste in almost everyone. At faculty meetings he contributed nothing, and took caustic digs at anyone else who tried. So strong was his habit of whispering these digs to his nearest neighbor that he drove away from him one of his most devoted colleagues, who wearied of the unending denunciation.

It was not that he wished to war against pedantry. In that war James was the leader, and sought vainly to enlist Santayana. The trouble was that Santayana had doubts about James

as well as most other people. Yet when James was no longer there, Santayana did not find the Yard enveloped in a more approved ambience. The wish to try somewhere else grew upon him until at last he and Harvard arrived at a final separation.

When World War I came, he was in England, and there —much at Oxford—he walked in quiet places and dreamed dreams that he confessed were nearer to him than all the closely present activity of war. There, too, he was busy with what may well be his chief volume of essays, *Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies*. In it he writes gracefully, wisely, brilliantly, and in what is as near a happy frame of mind as one might ever hope for in anybody who was skeptical of so much.

In England, too, he began to reveal an inclination that was to increase steadily in all the many years ahead. Now that he was away from America, he found it interesting to write about the American scene.

Not that he found the United States any more perfect than when he had lived in the Harvard Yard. In the earlier part of World War I, England was eager to have the English see the qualities in Americans that she might soon hope to count on in the struggle. Santayana was one of the lecturers in London to make the revelation. The only thing that one interested man remembered from the lecture was Santayana's declaration that if you were on your way to see Niagara Falls, in Buffalo nobody would tell you how great the Falls were, but rather how Buffalo had more miles of asphalt paving than any other city in the world. Certainly Santayana must have said many things that were not unfavorable to the American character. But he could make one true thing stick up like a sore thumb until it took all reasonable attention from other truths that were less irritating.

In *Character and Opinion in the United States*[1] he wrote,

[1] Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. Quoted by permission.

"Only an American—and I am not one except by long association—can speak for the heart of America." Yet it is difficult to read the volume without gaining the impression that he was, in truth, trying to reveal more than externals. And sometimes he succeeded. Sometimes, too, he made observations that Americans could well afford to cherish—as when he reminded us that it was important to "pause in living to enjoy life," and "lift up our hearts to things that are pure goods in themselves" and let them become an unending happiness. But he was right in his own declaration: he lacked the inner warmth that makes understanding into full understanding.

He had found in England something closer to happiness than anything he had ever found anywhere else. Yet England could not hold him. His publishers brought out his books from time to time, but the author of the books seemed to have lost himself in some distant shadowy haze.

Yet in his remote and seemingly hideaway world he had to live back to the America that he had left. America seemed to prickle him just enough to guarantee expression. In this period, too, he found more things in America of which to disapprove. As he grew older and lonelier, his confessed early habit of lingering in the backwaters and noting the wreckage that the mainstream of life swept along was somehow so developed that he was able to see more and more wreckage. He seemed—in the eyes of one of his students—to carry the accumulated disillusionment of a lifetime back over the years and attach all of it to his faraway life in America.

When *The Last Puritan* appeared, Americans read the bulky volume avidly. It was assumed that he would "give hell to the Puritans"; and reading a man who does that has long been a chief American sport. But many of those who enjoyed the book felt nevertheless that Santayana should have remembered his own sentence: "Only an American—and I am not one except by long association—can speak for the heart of America."

And now Americans learned in these favorable days that he was living in a specific place. *Who's Who in America* gave him an address in Rome. He would not be too much disturbed there. Perhaps he would now give his readers the quintessence of the knowledge and wisdom and good will of a lifetime. Many remembered how much of truth he had expressed in his poetry and looked forward—as they had always done—toward the time when he would swing free of everything negative and give to the world a positive total effect. But when the first volume of his autobiographical sequence appeared, readers felt that they must suspend judgment, for despite its interest it seemed too picayune in spots to have been written by a wholly mature man. When the second volume appeared many readers began to express the wish that he had never written the two. Such readers cherished much that he had said in earlier volumes —in *Soliloquies in England*, for instance—as precious "pure goods in themselves" and wished to remember him as the author of such books. "If only I could have had Santayana's books without having to have Santayana!" was a frequent wail. Others who felt that he had maligned their friends—and his own—expressed the wish that the Lord had taken him before he exhibited so much of the bad taste that he had long found in everybody else.

No one could have had a more unusual opportunity to be heard seriously by many people. But soon the two volumes began to appear in disproportionately large numbers in the secondhand bookstores. Readers were more than ready to have Puritans pilloried, they were willing themselves to be lambasted by this or that novelist—since they supposed they deserved something of the kind—but beneath the exquisiteness of detail in Santayana's technique they felt a lack of whiteness that they could not believe was in accord with greatness of spirit.

A newspaperman in the tempestuous days of World War II found Santayana in a hospital in Rome conducted by nuns—

an old man "clad in a gray dressing-gown, blue pajamas, and a black tie—writing two books and waiting contentedly to die." It was the perfect final circumstance for a man of his concern. When he had reported to his Harvard Class (1886) for its fiftieth anniversary he had made clear that there was nothing new or sudden in his going to other parts of the world to live, "but simply the outward realization of the detached and wandering way of life which I had always longed for and, as far as possible, had always followed." Now that his wandering was at an end, he could have perfect quiet in which to go back over the past and set down without hindrance or echo of reproach whatever he was disposed to look upon as worthy of recording, whether in acceptance or disapproval.

PHILOSOPHIC LOVER

All later understanding of George Herbert Palmer was for me touched by a very personal relation. As a student I had not been attracted to any of his books. While I was buried in the reading of drama and poetry, I found time to dip into Santayana and James; but *The Field of Ethics*—for instance—sounded too didactic to be bothered with unless it were required for an examination.

Only a few years later, though, I sat in the quiet beneath a spreading elm tree in Indiana and read *The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer*, which had just then been published. The book awakened in me a great and persisting nostalgia. There he had been all the while in the yellow house when I was in Cambridge. And there were those invitations to the house, of which I had made so little. The book brought all of that to life—and more. The book was my real introduction to him.

Still I had no inclination to read anything else that he had

written. In writing about his wife he had startled the reading world and added a touch of romance to Harvard and Wellesley and the academic life in general. I preferred to think of him only as I saw him in the background in this biography.

Not too long afterward circumstances led me for the rest of his life to look upon him as a kind of benevolent third grandfather. He had arrived at the age of official retirement, and with time on his hands, and with more energy than he had had when he was young, he confessed that he was glad to consider all sorts of matters with persons not yet forty.

His first remark that I remember was about my health. I had been very busy—too busy. "It will hurt nothing at your age to have a nervous breakdown," he said quite as casually as if he were discussing the price of blueberries. "As a matter of fact, I sometimes think it would be a good thing if every man could have a breakdown before he is thirty-five. He will then learn how to take care of himself, and probably add ten years to his life, and great enjoyment. But if he doesn't have it until he is fifty-five or so, it will probably kill him."

He revealed other lessons that he had learned. "You don't have to sleep," he told me. "I have never had a full night of sleep in my life. But I found out how to rest without sleeping. Don't let yourself get to thinking. If you do that, you are lost. Instead, visualize something—not sheep jumping over the fence, but pleasant or beautiful things that you have seen. Any man has seen enough things of that kind to fill up a night. And then you can enjoy them again the next night if you are wakeful again."

I believe he felt sure that I had not read his books, for he began giving me volumes—usually with a word written on the flyleaf. For some strange reason I did not read even these gift copies. But when he gave me a copy of Alice Freeman Palmer's poems, *A Marriage Cycle*, I did read that—including his introduction. Here he revealed to me what any writer inevitably

does before he is very grayheaded; that is, he says some things in his everyday speech that he has already written somewhere in a book. For Professor Palmer had already said to me in conversation precisely what I now found written in the introduction to the poems. Eventually I did read now and then in some of his own volumes, but I found it more interesting to have everything from him by word of mouth.

Only once did he ever mention the fact that he had had a wife before Alice Freeman Palmer. As if it were something very long ago he spoke of her as a miraculous small creature who had been swiftly carried away by death. But in the part of his life from the advent of Alice Freeman on down to the moment, he supplied full detail.

In his summer home in Boxford a great square chimney rose through the middle of the old house, and in each room, upstairs as well as downstairs, there was a fireplace. He thought my wife and I might like to occupy a certain room. He saw that we noticed why. Everything revealed the touch of Alice Freeman. Even the splasher back of the washstand bore the embroidered initials, A. F.

He took me through paths in the woodland that he and Alice Freeman had made; to the Fairy Ring about which he had written; to the best blueberries. He stopped by the swimming hole in the cool forest brook where he and his brother Frederick now took their plunges, and nodding with a smile to large spikes driven into the bodies of two pine trees said, "There are our clothes lockers." He showed me how he and his brother harnessed themselves up like two Czarist peasants and dragged to the house the small logs that they cut up for firewood. It all seemed an unusual way of coming to understand a philosopher, but perhaps I was making progress.

On a pleasant side piazza where there was a writer's table with some sheets of paper on it, he told me once again what he had often told me before—that he did not like to write, but

felt that he must, since he had something he wished to say. He went into great detail. "I have never overstated the case when I have said that I always hated to face a sheet of white paper. Right here at this table I have had the experience hundreds of times. But I have a pretty well-disciplined mind, and after I have driven myself through the first page I am quite content to go along until I have done my stint for the morning."

Over one fireplace there was a bust of Alice Freeman Palmer; and not far away, a tablet bearing some lines of hers. In the pew of the village church where we sat with him on Sunday, there was another tiny tablet. He saw that I had noticed these evidences of great devotion everywhere, and said, smiling profoundly, "You see, we made our contribution to solving the divorce problem."

In Cambridge the unfolding of his practical philosophy went right on, year after year. Practices that had proved that they were better than mere vogues of the moment ought to be kept. He and Alice Freeman Palmer had established the practice of reading poetry with a few friends on Sunday evening. Doing that was much better than frittering away the time even in the pleasantest matters. So in all his years of solitude he had continued the practice himself. Dr. Richard Cabot and his wife, Professor Ernest Hocking and his wife, Dean Willard Sperry and his wife, and enough others to make up a dozen or more still came in the middle 1920's. When all were present and seated in the long library, the lights were turned out save for a perfectly concealed desk light, and in the solitude afforded by darkness we heard him read from Homer, from George Herbert, from anyone in the entire range of poetry. If he sometimes found the readings too much of a chore, he drafted some of the others of us to read, so that the hour of calm and enrichment might not be lost.

He observed that he was being left with fewer and fewer contemporaries, and was therefore happier than ever to see

men who were younger. In the course of many hours with him in the long sunny library, I heard more and more of what he believed and practiced. President Eliot and President Lowell, for instance, he believed to be great men. And they were as unlike as two men could be. Eliot was lofty, he was remote, and he would not have thought of going to Symphony Hall without dressing and taking a carriage or cab; yet he was a democrat. Lowell, on the other hand, was approachable; he went around the Yard trimming off awkward-looking sprouts of ivy with his pocket knife, and he would ride home from town on the crowded rear platform of a streetcar and chat with students; yet he remained an aristocrat. So Professor Palmer thought.

Once when he was showing me some first editions that he meant to give to Wellesley, he called my attention to a receipt for royalties signed by Longfellow that started him off on a long sequence of observations. "Poor Longfellow!" he said. "I feel ashamed of myself. For in the same length of time I often collect ten times that much in royalties. And what have I done?"

He had to go over his books and consider them. Two, he thought—he thought three when he published his brief *Autobiography of a Philosopher*—might last for a time. And they were nothing professionally philosophic. They were *The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer*, and his three-volume work on George Herbert.

He had to tell me a joke on himself. Once when he was working on the "Herbert" with two of the three volumes finished, he fell ill, and decided that he was going to die. He was not troubled about dying, he said, but he was troubled desperately about the unfinished volume. He insisted that all the jottings and scraps of manuscript and other materials be brought to him, and he sat up and feverishly sorted and classified everything, tied parcels up with identifying tape of different colors,

and scribbled on the outside so that some friendly editor could complete the volume after he himself had departed. "And then"—and he had to smile a smile that was almost a laugh—"I got well and finished the volume myself. That was twenty years ago."

The expanding life of the young he looked upon as the great miraculous earthly experience. "Now," he said to an orphan boy whose guardian brought him along for a brief call, and who read something aloud on request, "that was just first-rate. You must go to college. Tomorrow morning I shall put twenty-five dollars in the bank for you as a beginning." The boy did not know that he was to become a distinguished mathematician, but suddenly he knew that he was going to college—as certainly as if the amount in the bank had been a hundred times as large.

Scores of boys and girls of slender means—or of none at all—owe their college education to Professor Palmer. He had a list of men and women of financial standing who did not wish to be pursued by the hired representatives of causes, yet who were generous. Whenever he learned of a superior boy or girl who was without funds, he turned to one of the men or women in his list, and the problem was solved. Once when he sent me in behalf of a brilliant girl to a woman who had long been generous through him, I learned after she had given me a check for the girl that she had written checks of that kind for a total of ten or fifteen thousand dollars in one year.

The young must have their chance. Quietly he found positions for young teachers; he called the attention of this or that college president to the fact that some young man or young woman deserved promotion, and might be expected to go elsewhere unless something should be done. He thought there was something fresh and American in Vachel Lindsay, and was chiefly responsible in having him invited to Harvard to read a Phi Beta Kappa poem.

He declared that he had always found joy in teaching, and had tried to be the best teacher possible. Now that teaching days were long past, he enjoyed a little of the old happiness in giving an occasional public lecture in the Yard. Students often filled to overflowing the large lecture room in Emerson Hall and heard him speak—with only a few notes before him, or none at all—in sentences so clear and so free from the adventitious that what he said could have been taken down in shorthand and printed without revision.

As he kept adding years and years to his life, he became a familiar—yet often unknown—figure in the region of Harvard Square. Sometimes he became a matter of serious concern. "That damned old bird," said the policeman at the Square one morning when Professor Palmer was pushing through the traffic, "makes more trouble for me than any twenty people who cross this Square." At times, some former student walked protectingly with him.

Men beginning to show gray above the ears recalled his last class, now nearly two decades ago, and how he had said good-by in the New Lecture Hall. He cautioned them to be sure to speak to him if he passed them and did not speak first, for his eyesight had never been good and seemed not to be getting any better.

What a strange, kindly little man he had been! He had shown them how great is the security to be found in self-development and self-direction. He had performed the impossible feat of making goodness seem exciting. And he had made religion the most reasonable and the most desirable thing in the world. So it was in order to walk a few steps with him as he went—as always—daily to chapel.

One day when I met him near Christ Church he said: "I must tell you something. I have read every word of your life of Dean Briggs—by holding the book up close against my eyes. If you should ever write a book about me as true as that,

I'd want to kill you!" He smiled. He guessed he need not worry; for he was not worth a biography, anyhow. The final lesson for a philosopher to learn was how to be forgotten.

When he was the last of his generation—thirty years after the death of Alice Freeman Palmer—he sat in the spreading yellow house on Quincy Street and reread books that had unfailing value. When he could no longer read he had the nurse read to him. "Let's have some more of *The Odyssey*," and he would tell her just where in his translation. "Read that." He listened, his face alight, his great shaggy brows standing high. "That's good! That's good! Read that again!" Who had anything to propose that was better than keeping in the presence of the great?

CREATIVE UNDISCIPLINABLE

The passing of thirty years made a vast difference in one's estimate of William James. For as the years slipped along and brought changes in one's own point of view, it became easy to see how dominantly James had been possessed of a creative mind, and how in consequence his vitality had come to be everywhere. His concern—his desperate concern—was with breaking new ways, with arriving at new understandings, with growth, with new beliefs and new hopes. He belonged with the great seers, the great artists, the great discoverers.

He had, to begin with, the creative-minded person's way of looking at the world. His interest in everything was very direct, and touched with something of childlike wonder. He had to study a dog's habits and try to understand how a dog viewed man's world, just as Edwin Arlington Robinson tried as a poet to understand the outlook of a katydid. When a lone student passed him on the quiet street, perhaps aware that he

was passing an unusual man, James would look at him out of his live blue eyes very much as if to say, "Well, now, I have no doubt that if one could get at the essence of you, it would be something very interesting, and probably a credit to the species." When he went to Chautauqua to lecture, he had to engage in all the variety of activities until he was sure he knew the precise feel of Chautauqua. When he was caught in California by the earthquake of 1906, he had to know the precise feel of an earthquake, and how he himself as well as others responded to it.

Among books not conventionally thought of as being in his field, his explorations were only short of unbelievable. Early he commended *Peter Ibbetson* to his brother Henry as a book that might become a classic. He introduced W. H. Hudson and Walt Whitman to vast numbers of readers in America, England, and France. He found delight in such new writers as Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson, and in such unfortunately little-known chapters as Richard Jefferies's "Pageant of Summer" in *The Life of the Fields*. In his library were great numbers of volumes by unknown writers—or only "semirespectable" writers—that the less inquiring mind would not have bothered to explore.

And new, unheralded men close about him interested him quite as much as anything he discovered through books—and perhaps even more. When a young instructor in zoology at Harvard, fresh from Europe with something to report on what was then the new neuron theory, went to the first meeting of his course on the anatomy of the nervous system in the higher vertebrates, there among his students sat his revered professor of a few years ago, William James. The young instructor sought to say something about how unprofitable it would be to listen to anyone so immature, but James waved the respectful protest aside and listened with deep interest throughout the hour. Then he came to all the other eight or ten lectures that

dealt with the neuron theory. The young instructor, later Professor George H. Parker, completely forgot anything like embarrassment. Instead he found it a "delightful pleasure" to see there before him each day this distinguished man, already in his fifties, and showing gray in his beard. For James was alert and profoundly interested.

That was how it was: the world was full of all sorts of people and places and records and images and creations. All these could be made useful if only we could have the right cross-fertilizations of ideas. The important matter was to have great wealth of acquaintance with the world, so that one might always be alive with hypotheses. For who could say in advance just what was to be the important discovery? Creative-minded persons, with eyes wide open, have a way of "stumbling" upon discoveries often more valuable than the specific one they had set out to make. So James found it well to keep an exploring eye on all outlying diversity.

His emotional relation to the world that his clear eyes saw was likewise that of the artist or discoverer. He was not afraid to have enthusiasms. How else could one hope to be a discoverer? For it was not—he contended eloquently—some cold-blooded judicial mind that could best see the "charms and perfections" of Jill, but Jack, who was in love with her. Jack was no victim of any "pathological anaesthesia as regards Jill's magical importance," such as handicaps most of us in our casual consideration of her. Just how could one hope to see all that was in anything so complicated and subtle—and altogether unique—as the life of a human being unless one tried to be a very human being oneself? Willingness was required, and eagerness would do no harm.

Many called him "credulous"; many called him "gullible." Could he not see that he was in danger of being taken in by some crank or fraud? Yes, he could see that. But he said something in reply that for all who are in truth creative-minded is

unanswerable. He said, in effect, that he would rather be taken in a dozen or a hundred times than by playing too safe miss a discovery that might have unending significance. There were not so many matters, were there, concerning which one could act as if the final word had been said? A philosophy had to be kept open at the front end. How could a live man let himself be so bound that movement in any direction became impossible?

In his manner of working, too, he was the creator, the discoverer, the master craftsman. He could go to actual writing only after he had held an idea in mind long enough—however brief or long a time that might be—to give him a natural readiness to deal with it. And then when he went to work, he worked with something of desperation until he had exhausted himself, and a period of rest was necessary—which Bernard Shaw has said is the only way of getting anything done if it is to be really important. No poet ever suffered a more exhausting alternation of confidence and depression—before the eventual sense of victory. But he also knew when he was through with what had claimed him, and in due time could be busy with something else quite as if it were the one thing in the world that possessed interest.

Now when we look upon him thus as a creative mind, the whole of his life takes on a very significant consistency. It was but natural that he should study to be an artist; that he should turn to medicine—to whatever promised him a deeper creative satisfaction; that he should go from medicine to the concerns of individuals who required help for the whole of themselves, and not primarily for their bodies; that in due time he should wish to turn the psychology over to somebody else—to Münsterberg—and devote himself to thought about man's general situation; and that in the end he should emerge as a kind of quintessence of thought and feeling in behalf of the human spirit.

He declared himself—in a letter to Mrs. Henry Whitman:

> As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride, if you give them time.[1]

The individuals constituted hope for day after tomorrow. He lingered with the fertile-minded ones after class. He invited them to walk homeward with him to finish the discussion—and to one who passed them on Kirkland Street it was difficult to say whether student or professor had more of the eagerness of youth. He had them come to his house for luncheon or dinner, and then possibly sit in the great study. When he imagined that they might be ill or otherwise in distress, he went to see them. One of his colleagues believed that only Dean Briggs had climbed more stairways to the third floor of houses to visit sick students.

His sensitivity to the state of the younger person, or the person less favorably situated, never ceased to be a matter of wonder. And always one was coming upon new instances. In the Rocky Mountain area one of his sons and a stranger talked, and exchanged names. "I once knew a man named James," the stranger said, "back in Cambridge, Massachusetts, when I was working for my doctor's degree in philosophy." When he went to James for his oral examination, he was sorely disturbed over what the next two or three hours might have in store for him. James did not proceed at once to the questioning, but began chatting about something familiar to both of them. The young man supposed that James had noticed his distress and was only inducing composure before the custom-

[1] *The Letters of William James.* 1920. The Atlantic Monthly Press. By permission.

ary Ph.D. procedure of "giving the candidate the works." But James grew more and more interested, and they talked and considered and compared and contrasted. Finally James paused for a moment, and then said with complete finality, "Well, I think you are all right."

It was not the kind of examination that the literal-minded would dare risk. Weren't standards being lowered? But James was great enough to have command of something beyond "standards."

Through his books his philosophy of the individual-to-individual relation carried far. When *The Varieties of Religious Experience* appeared he said to one of his former Radcliffe students: "It will not be popular. Many will dislike what I treat sympathetically, and feel that I do not sufficiently praise what they like." But men who needed the book began to find it.

One of these—destined to be the head of one of America's best colleges—was out in the country when he became acquainted with the book. Every day he climbed high in a pine tree to where some branches made a natural seat, and there read by the hour. When he looked up from the page he could see over lower treetops out across where there were cattle in the fields and occasionally human beings at work. In this place of detachment he could share James's experience, and know how the reality and the true poetry of experience are one, just as if James had written the book with him and his needs specially in mind.

Eventually James was in this way touching lives across half of the earth. Young men in Italy read him—and in Germany and England and Scotland. And in France his influence was so great that it was no exaggeration to believe that as large a percentage of the population read him as in his own country. One saw his books everywhere. An elderly student of philosophy and literature once told me as he fingered his volumes of

James by the fireside in Paris that in his opinion James was the greatest writer of the nineteenth century. Another Frenchman, deeply concerned with social currents, declared on the eve of World War I: "If we are not destroyed by the Germans, I believe we are destined to have a great spiritual revival in France; and if it comes, it will be very largely through the influence of William James."

It was inevitable that his philosophy should be a flowering philosophy. A fight was on in the world, and he believed it was a real fight, and he was in it. As much as possible of life's essence ought to be freed. So along with the work of conducting courses and otherwise participating in the life of a busy institution of learning, he had to plant his ideas in all possible places; he had to celebrate the exploring mind, and heroism, and the giving of life, wherever he found them.

When at last Augustus Saint-Gaudens had completed the Shaw Memorial opposite the Statehouse in Boston, and the monument was unveiled, it was William James who delivered the oration. Here was an unusual concern for a professor of philosophy. But Colonel Shaw had been just the kind of heroic young man—still in his twenties—that James rejoiced in. What could be more indicative of the basic stuff in human beings which we must count on than this gentlemanly young person who gave up all his pleasant associations among his white comrades and marched away as the leader of a regiment of untested Negroes into one of the most frightful of battles imaginable? Where could James ever have found a more dramatic instance of heroism?

Yet James declared that what was needed more than this dramatic kind of bravery was the lonelier heroism that Shaw revealed when he reached the decision to give up something safely glorious to head something regarded as dubious. James was afraid that "of five hundred of us who could storm a battery side by side with others, perhaps not one would be found

ready to risk his worldly fortunes all alone in resisting an enthroned abuse." He would have been the last man in the world to let the news get abroad that he himself was heroic in this more difficult, less dramatic way. "The men who do brave deeds," he had said, "are usually unconscious of their picturesqueness." Yet he was a great exemplar.

He saw the United States after the Spanish-American War "perversely rushing to wallow in the mire of imperialism," and for frequently so saying brought down on his head only less wrath than that endured by Charles Eliot Norton, who had declared against the war at the outset. Likewise James thought the British Colonial Office had blunderingly driven the Boers into war, and he took a stand in that situation, too. He wrote a humorous letter to the London *Times* about a day of prayer on the matter, but the *Times* did not choose to print it.

It was not that he favored any indolent, softening peace. He stood for tough-mindedness. He proposed having "the moral equivalent of war"—but without war's ways of degradation.

> To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes and to the frames of sky-scrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas.[1]

In these late years, his great concern seemed to be to find time and energy for all that he wished to do. Of course he wished to round out his ripening beliefs in the field of philosophy proper—if there is any such thing. Getting that done seemed always to be in his mind. And for that, no man's life is ever long enough.

[1] *Memories and Studies.* 1911. Longmans, Green & Co. By permission.

But there were countless other claims. He stood before those assembled in Concord at the Emerson Centenary and told them how "strong and clear above the uproar of the times" Emerson's voice continued to be. Within a year he stood in the Harvard Chapel and spoke in memory of Francis Boott, that strange and little-accepted Cambridge character whose own musical compositions were a part of the memorial service, and whose long and honest and only half-known life afforded James his best of all opportunities to speak in behalf of an underdog whom he had loved.

He had to write about Thomas Davidson, the free-lance philosopher of the Adirondacks. He had to speak out against "the Ph.D. octopus," too, and against the clubhouse-loyalty type of education to be found among undergraduates. He was against "educated cleverness in the service of popular idols and vulgar ends." "There is not a public abuse for which some Harvard advocate may not be found." He called for independent and lonely thinkers. "Our undisciplinables are our proudest product." [1]

It was in this period of final prodigality of energies that he produced what certainly must be regarded as one of the major books of the first half of the twentieth century—his *Pragmatism.* At once he was denounced by fundamentalist ministers and by priests as an anarchist among the philosophers, from whom the youth of the country should be protected. Few of them had ever seen the book, but they understood that he had said that anything you can get away with is therefore true.

He was only looking at the world as the creative-minded man inevitably looks at it—that is, as something that possesses, in the words of George Herbert Palmer, "the glory of the imperfect." The test of the truthfulness of things was in whether they accorded with growth; there must be "the attitude of looking away from first things, principles, 'categories,'

[1] *Memories and Studies.*

supposed necessities; and of looking toward last things, fruits, consequences, facts."

A world in which things are unfinished ought to be an inviting world.

> Suppose [he said] that the world's author put the case to you before creation, saying: "I am going to make a world not certain to be saved, a world the perfection of which shall be conditioned merely, the condition being that each several agent does its own 'level best.' I offer you the chance of taking part in such a world. Its safety, you see, is unwarranted. It is a real adventure, with real danger, yet it may win through. It is a social scheme of co-operative work genuinely to be done. Will you join the procession? Will you trust yourself and trust the other agents enough to face the risk?" [1]

He wanted to look upon the ideal not as an origin from which there was to be no venturing, but as an ultimate toward which there would always be satisfaction in working.

In these years, Henry Adams was promulgating his favorite theory that somehow the universe had started out with a high level of energy, and now was gradually running downhill on the way to a dead level where nothing at all could possibly happen. The theory presented a dismal view ahead, and it had a trace of science in it to give it "realistic" support.

But it was too immature for James, too contrary to all potential creativeness. Only a matter of weeks before his life was at an end he had to write to Henry Adams at length to present his own dissenting view. Could not Adams see that it was not the amount of energy that counted, but the form through which it was channeled? A dinosaur's brain might show as much intensity of energy exchange as a man's brain, but the dinosaur could do little with his, and a man can make history. At its worst the theory might only mean that as we went on and on indefinitely toward the dead level, we might achieve

[1] *Pragmatism.* 1907. Longmans, Green & Co. By permission.

our highest development through the ingenious and subtle channeling of the lowest energy exchange. At least where was there anything in the theory that conflicted with such a possibility?

He had to add that it had been pleasant in Paris to hear "your identically unchanged and 'undegraded' voice after so many years of loss of solar energy." But he could not refrain from becoming serious again. He had to send Adams a couple of follow-up postcards bearing further illustration of the point he had tried to make in his letter.

It was the perfectly appropriate episode for his last summer. He seemed to be living some personal parallel to the theory he had expressed to Adams. Through many years he had given all the more robust "exchanges of energy" to every sort of enterprise: to nurturing his own uncertain health; to holding together unlike philosophers in one department; to studying nervous systems; to trying to understand the sick of mind; to giving support to his precious individuals, those agents of the Creator of a world in which there always remained something to be done; to bringing together his own philosophic beliefs about diverse specific matters. And now after he had given of himself in such fashion, he channeled his waning yet heightened energy to peer far ahead toward all the possibilities—toward the ideal, not as an origin, but as an ultimate, that he always seemed able to envision.

4. *King of the Anglo-Saxons*

THERE could be no doubt about the matter: George Lyman Kittredge consisted of more than one man. Just how many men were required to constitute him, nobody seemed able to say. But that he was not less than two, everybody who knew him was ready to admit.

The first of these two—the one he was most widely thought of as being—was the "Kitty" of Harvard Hall. Undergraduates with vivid imaginations made sketches of the old building on the point of blowing up, with zigzag electric fragments of Shakespeare shooting from windows and roof, whenever "Kitty" held forth. To many of them for a lifetime the total meaning of Harvard Hall was "Kitty."

The sight of him as he came to the ten-o'clock class was in itself something that had to be recognized as dramatic. In the pleasant autumn or spring, men stood high on the steps or out on the turf in front and watched in the direction of Christ Church to see who could catch the first glimpse of him.

"There he comes!" somebody called, and then everybody who was in a position to see watched him as he hurried breezily along—a graceful, tallish man in very light gray suit and gray fedora hat, with a full square beard at least as white as his suit, who moved with energy, and smoked passionately at a big cigar. Students used to say that he smoked an entire cigar while he walked the short distance along the iron fence of the

old burying ground and across the street to Johnston Gate. But as he came through the gate he tossed the remnant of his cigar into the shrubbery with a bit of a flourish, and the students still outside hurried in and scrambled up the long stairway in order to be in their places—as he liked—before he himself entered. If any of them were still on the stairway when he came in at the outer door like a gust, they gave way and he pushed up past them, and into the good-sized room and down the aisle to the front, threw his hat on the table in the corner, mounted the two steps to the platform, looked about with a commanding eye, and there was sudden silence and unrestrained expectancy.

"Any questions?" he asked—meaning questions about matters considered at the last meeting of the course. After five minutes of these questions, he was ready to begin.

The play under consideration was *Macbeth*—let us say; and he was ready to take up Act III. Always his method was a meticulously careful examination of every line, every significant word, with a running commentary on problems of drama and theatre. At the end of the year we were supposed to know five plays—sometimes a sixth—so thoroughly that in the final examination we could spot any line or piece of line that he quoted (usually about sixty), tell what came just before and after, tell who said the words and to whom, and be able to comment on whatever was significant in the passage. Then there were somewhat more than six hundred lines of memory passages. And there were books of assigned reading. Even the least wise in the course filled the margins of his copy of the text, and pages of gummed interleaving paper, with notes against an oncoming evil day.

"Now," he said, after he had read and commented upon Banquo's opening speech, and had reminded us once more that *Macbeth* is a swift-moving play, "there are three very important questions on this next page. They are neatly imbedded,

yet for the purposes of the play, they stand out in red ink. What are they?"—and he glanced up and down the class list—"Mr. Howard."

Mr. Howard—it might have been Cabot or Flynn or Jones—did not seem to be present.

"Mr. Howard?" "Kitty" repeated, with the slightest trace of irritation in his voice.

When there was still no response he suddenly exploded. "The college office had two ghost men on my list for two or three weeks before I could get them off! Is this Mr. Howard another?"

There was no response.

"Is there anybody in this room who knows anything about this spook Mr. Howard?"

There was not a murmur, seemingly not even a breath, among the hundred or more students.

He slapped the book down on his desk so sharply that some of the men in the front row jumped. "By heavens, this is not to be endured! I asked a perfectly decent question, and I am going to have an answer if I have to take a poll of the entire class!"

A man in the middle of the room hesitantly lifted a hand. "I am Mr. Howard."

"Then why didn't you answer?"

"I was not prepared."

"Kitty" flew into so vast a rage that even the top of his head was ruddy. "Well, couldn't you at least have identified yourself? Stand up, Mr. Howard"—and he made a movement as if to step down off the platform—"so that this class can see who you are. And"—after Mr. Howard had very promptly stood up—"you are to come over to Sever 3 at twelve o'clock and expostulate with me—in the Elizabethan sense."

He picked up the book and in a twinkling went on, quite as if nothing unusual had happened, to point out that the three

questions down the page were the ones that Macbeth asked Banquo:

Ride you this afternoon?

Is't far you ride?

Goes Fleance with you?

And then in an engaging smoothness of temper and in flowing brilliance he commented on one passage after another, made compact explanation of linguistic details, reminded us that it was not the words that had become obsolete that made the most trouble for us in understanding Shakespeare, but the words that had not become obsolete, and otherwise rounded out the whole scene until we felt as if we must be knowing the play somewhat as the audience knew it when it was originally produced.

He came to a very brief stage direction. "Note that Shakespeare is usually brief. If Mr. George Bernard Shaw had been writing that stage direction, he would have filled a page, at least."

There was a flutter of mirthfulness. It was the style then to laugh at any mention of this new playwright, as though of course he could not be much.

"Incidentally," he said, as he paced the platform, "there are other differences between William Shakespeare and Mr. Shaw."

There was greater mirthfulness still; and time flowed on harmoniously.

Some professor of economics had great charts and maps on rollers all over the front of the room, and there were two or three long, gracefully sloping pointers at hand. "Kitty" picked up one of these and used it as a stafflike cane as he paced back and forth and commented. He was magnificent. He was an Anglo-Saxon king speaking to his people.

Once in his march as he socked the royal staff down, it came in two where there was a knot in the wood, and he made a somewhat unkingly lurch. A few students snickered very cautiously.

He glowered upon them. "You have a fine sense of humor!" Then without taking his eyes off the humbled faces, he drew his arm back as if he were hurling a javelin, and drove the long remnant of the pointer into the corner of the room. "Now laugh!" he dared them.

When "Kitty" was having a run of bad days, an hour might be highly electric from beginning to end.

One wintry morning when he was late and the legitimate seven minutes of grace had ticked away, somebody called bravely, "All out!" There was much shuffling of feet and there were echoing cries all over the room, "Time up!" "Let's go!" But nobody moved. Finally one man arose and marched defiantly toward the door, to the accompaniment of whoops and cheers.

Soon there was a solid procession pushing out through the doorway. Just when the Arnolds and Bonbrights from down in front were approaching the door and the room suddenly looked deserted, somebody called from downstairs: "Here he is!"

There was a mad scramble to get back into the room. But he was moving faster than any crowd could move. On the long semicircular stairway he pushed through with his green bookbag and smart gray hat held high, and let everyone give way in the manner possible. He was in the front of the room, and had his hat and overcoat and bookbag on the table, and was mounting the platform all in readiness to begin before the last of the returning students were in their chairs.

He waited for a moment of silence before he spoke—with something of scorn in his voice. "When I was an undergradu-

ate in this college, by thunder we never went back for a professor."

Then for an hour he treated us as if we were a bunch of softies. He commented on words, on lines, on entire speeches with lightning speed. He assumed vast historical and linguistic knowledge on our part which we did not possess. He fired questions in every direction. One of these he addressed to a thirty-eight-year-old graduate student—a professor on leave from a well-known institution—and gave him such a cross-examination that he never came back to the course.

And then, just before bell time when even the laziest student in the course had been stimulated by the charged atmosphere to make notes and otherwise try to keep up, "Kitty" broke off in the middle of a sentence with a terrifying shout that was also a roar, slapped his copy of the play down on the desk, hurried toward the door, nervously pushing his hand back through his white hair, and disappeared into the hallway.

A moment later he reappeared at the door, bowing a man in with extraordinary graciousness. The man was frightened almost beyond speech.

"I b-beg your pardon," he stammered, "I am not a member of the course; I am a visitor."

"That does not excuse you from the rules of courtesy. You were disrespectful to me and to the young gentlemen of the class. Nobody leaves this room till the bell rings."

By the time he was back at his desk and had found the interrupted sentence in the play, the bell was ringing and he made a gesture of dismissal. As the men crowded toward the door they somehow felt sheepish, like schoolboys.

It was always a double experience. "Kitty" might suddenly step out of the Elizabethan world and pounce upon some man and scare him until he was unable to define the diaphragm—it once happened—and require him to come to the next meeting "prepared to discuss the diaphragm" as a preliminary to an

hour of *King Lear*. No man might feel altogether sure that he would escape. Once "Kitty" read with such a poetic impression of reality that a man who was later to be widely known as a magazine editor sat lost in rapturous enjoyment. Suddenly "Kitty" stopped. "Now what is the commanding word in that passage"—and he picked up the printed class list and let his eye run down over the names—"Mr. . . . Smith?" Mr. Smith had been so rapturously lost that he did not even know where the passage was. A neighbor whispered the number of the line to him and he answered correctly: "Why—'God.'" "Don't you 'Why—God' me!" "Kitty" stormed back at him, and then gave him such a dressing down for using the unnecessary word as he had never known, so that he always had that to carry along with his memory of the perfect reading. On another occasion "Kitty" picked up the class list, started on the *R*'s, became interested in one man's brilliant answers to his rapid-fire cross-examination, and left the rest of the *R*'s dangling in suspense throughout the three remaining months of the year.

Men knew that he was a miracle man, and thought it worth accepting all hazards in order to possess some part of his basic richness of life. They completed the year, grumbled a little about the marks he gave them—there were few *A*'s—and very probably came back the next year to study the alternating group of plays. In that case they had the thorough knowledge of ten or eleven plays, instead of five or six; they knew eleven or twelve hundred lines of good passages by heart; they had vast information about drama and theatre and sources and language and Elizabethan life, and they had interesting fragments of such a store of miscellaneous knowledge and wisdom as they had not supposed until last year could be the possession of any one human being.

That was one of the men in the total George Lyman Kittredge. That part of him could not be brushed aside as if it

were not an essential part. It was. But it was the more external part. Many of the men in the course in Shakespeare knew this well enough. They saw that it was their irresponsibility, or laziness, or grotesque ignorance, that touched him off into his tantrums. His disgust and amazement and scorn were release for a sensitive mind—usually in need of sleep—whose everyday high level made it impossible for him not to suffer in the presence of unlimited imperfections. And his graduate students who had never taken the course in Shakespeare found it difficult to believe the wild stories about him. For to them he was a courteous gentleman who begged them to smoke some of his good cigars and know that they were potential scholars about to be admitted to the most honorable company of men on earth.

His courtesy did not prevent him from exercising the dominant mind. When a student explained somewhat fearfully that he had noticed in the dictionary that a certain word was accented on the second syllable, "Kitty" said, as he put the word down on the back of an envelope, "That's wrong; I'll see that that is changed." Through generations of Shakespeare students—and his place on the board of editors of one dictionary—he caused a shift in preference to the pronunciation of "Elizabethan" with an accented long *e*. But he could never establish "Shakspere" as a preferred spelling. Sometimes, too, his overpositiveness came back upon him in ironic ways. He insisted on withholding a degree from a man for insufficient acquaintance with the drama who later became a national figure in play-writing. He once prevented a man from receiving honors in English with whom ten years later he marched down the aisle at a university commencement where both received honorary degrees—the young author and the white-haired professor.

Men who were chiefly concerned with the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries very justly felt that he placed heavy emphasis on the early centuries. But he insisted

that the early centuries were of the utmost importance, and that they were full of interest. The age of Chaucer, he contended, was closer to us than the age of Pope. Always there were students who had looked upon Chaucer as some vague accident back there on the edge of the pure night of the Dark Ages, and for a time they sat skeptical, although they assumed that Chaucer was somebody about whom they should know a little.

But when they listened to Professor Kittredge—or "Mr. Kittredge"—they saw the age of Chaucer coming to such vividness of view that they had to admit that it outshone the nearer centuries in brightness. He invited them to see that

> the spirit of radicalism was abroad in the land. To describe as an era of dumb submissiveness the age of Wyclif, and John Huss, and the Great Schism, of the Jacquerie in France and Tyler and Ball in England, is to read both literature and history with one's eyes shut. . . . It was a scambling and unquiet time when nobody was at rest but the dead. In a word, it was a good age to live in, and so Chaucer found it.[1]

And so they found it—and the heroic world of Beowulf, and the world of English and Scottish popular ballads, and all the other less familiar worlds to which he introduced them. Something of his own vividness had gone into his original exploring, and now something of it went into the revelation of what he had discovered.

But whatever the area in which he for the moment was occupied, he was engaged in perhaps the most difficult—and most desperately needed—of all educational endeavors in the United States; that is, in having pure scholarship recognized as a source of life for all men. Scholarship is the final high honesty. Men worked with Professor Kittredge—always the

[1] *Chaucer and his Poetry*. 1915. Harvard University Press. By permission.

least bit awesomely—and came to feel how great was the disgrace of a human mind that let itself be content with anything short of the completest disinterested understanding.

From his fortunate position he all the while was sending out great numbers of men to important college and university posts. They were such men as John M. Manly, of the University of Chicago, one of his earliest students; Walter Morris Hart, of the University of California; John Samuel Kenyon, of Hiram College; Karl Young, of Yale; Carleton Brown, chiefly of Bryn Mawr; John A. Lomax, of the field of American ballads and folk songs; John Livingston Lowes, who came back from Washington University to teach in the Yard for the rest of his active life—and write *The Road to Xanadu.*

At times the objection made its way back to Cambridge that some of his disciples were not important men of this kind, but only "little Kittredges." And sometimes the reports were true. If men are basically small they are sure to adopt the accessible mannerisms of anyone whose superior qualities are out of reach. But Professor Kittredge's distinguished former students constituted a great company. In Texas, in Iowa, in Pennsylvania, in California, men accustomed to the ax-to-grind sort of thinking in what they called the practical world looked upon these honest scholars as an ultimate standard of excellence to be applied in matters of every perplexing sort.

And in Professor Kittredge it was more than honesty; it was high faith in honesty. His former students often traveled a thousand miles—sometimes farther—to have his counsel when they were in doubt. A young professor in a Midwestern college had confided in an older man in one of the chief universities of America about an original project that he had in mind for the next year, and then found that the older man had immediately hurried off a young colleague to work at the idea and be first in the field. Sleepless, the young professor went to consult someone who was wise.

Professor Kittredge sat erect and smoked at a great fragrant cigar and listened in silence until the man was through. Then he said without a moment's hesitation: "Don't let the matter trouble you for one minute. And don't modify your plans—not by as much as a hair. Scurvy business of that kind doesn't work out—in the end. It is not the other man's idea; he is working at it because his chief suggested it to him. He will make little of it. The idea is yours, from the inside of you, and consequently you will be aware of all sorts of possibilities in it that the other man, whoever he is, will never see." And when it turned out precisely so, Professor Kittredge said with a trace of a smile round his eyes and down into his white beard, "We have to count on its being like that."

He gave his complete self to the world of the teacher. He required nothing else. In it he had labor and recreation and profound joy—without end. For forty-eight years (1888–1936) he taught at Harvard. He never took a year of leave, nor a half year. He did not like to have breaks in his work. He did not like to go off to other universities to lecture in term time. He made a number of trips to Europe, but with one exception he made them in the summer-vacation period. England was his great fascination east of the Atlantic. When he was made an honorary fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, he was delighted and proud. When Oxford wished to confer on him an honorary degree he felt highly honored, of course. But the great joy of work was at home.

In this world of the teacher to which he was devoted, he carried on endless research. When he was confronted by the teacher's much-discussed choice between teaching and research, he said: "Thank you, I'll take both."

In his own explorations the range that he covered was so wide that some persons actually believed that there were at least two persons named G. L. Kittredge writing at the time.

He was interested in such matters as Increase Mather's views on smallpox, the ballads of Kentucky, the vocabulary of the Australasians, the history of witchcraft, the history of words for popular reading, cowboy songs, the early Teutonic notions of immortality, the toad in folklore, Chaucer on marriage, the history of religion, and scores of subjects thought of as more strictly within the field of language and literature. And his books ranged from *Chaucer and His Poetry* to *The Old Farmer and His Almanack*—and manuals of grammar and composition for high school.

It was at Barnstable, down on the Cape, that he was able to do much of his own work. For there he had long summer weeks that were little interrupted. If one chanced to be at the house on Hilliard Street in Cambridge just when he was about to go away for the summer, one might well decide that he was leaving for all time, so completely did he seem to be transferring his scholarly effects. Eventually he built a study a little away from the house in Barnstable so that he might work in entire seclusion, with only the cheerful voices of his children and their friends on the tennis court to remind him pleasantly—if he heard them at all—that he was not completely isolated in time and space.

On the Cape, too, he could be elementally refreshed. On the Cape, he was happy to say, he—or his son—had come upon the perfect pessimist, a native who grew chickens. When it was suggested that a few chicks just outside a coop were sturdy youngsters, the native replied, "Yes, but the trouble is, the old hen hatched out six, and by God all of them have died on me but five."

The Cape was heaven for work; yet back in Cambridge in the autumn he carried his own work right along with his teaching—and thereby constantly gave his teaching enrichment. He moved briskly from his classroom to Gore Hall, and very quickly disappeared. Then one came upon him somewhere

deep in the stacks, lost to the immediate world over a puzzling text or fat galleys of proofs. The library was nothing musty and dead for him. It was man recorded. When the great new Widener Memorial Library was spoken of as an elephant among the other buildings in the Yard, he asked, "What if it is? You could destroy all the other Harvard buildings to the northward, and with Widener left standing, still have a university."

If days were not long enough, always there were nights. Like Charles Péguy, he considered night as the part of existence that holds everything together that is sacred to man, "wherein he accomplishes his being." But for Professor Kittredge this was not to be done through sleep; it was to be done through work.

For many years one of his intimate friends walked from Boston to Cambridge on Sunday afternoon, had supper with the Kittredges, and then the two read Greek together till eleven o'clock—as relaxation. But that still left the body of the night ahead. So, too, was it when his "ballad course" met at his house in the evening, and some of the most enthusiastic lingered a little in the big study. It was when his own house had become quiet, and the lights in houses everywhere were beginning to disappear, and the roar of the city had lost its nearness, and the world was otherwise losing the last signs of its daytime confusion, that he knew freedom. In the enveloping quiet he could give himself to work without fear of distraction. If he felt the need of diversion, he could read one more detective story.

When Mrs. Kittredge chanced to know at two or two-thirty or three in the morning that he was still at work, she would slip down and remind him that it was time for him to be getting some sleep. Very obediently he would go off to bed for the rest of the night. In the course of years, Mrs. Kittredge wearied a little of making the trip downstairs and had an elec-

tric bell installed with a button by her bed. But he did not like it. In the perfect quiet of night it made him jump. Sometimes nobody reminded him that he ought to be in bed, and he did not think of the matter himself; and when Thomas the chore man slipped into the study at six in the morning to build a new fire, there sat Professor Kittredge peacefully asleep in his comfortable chair before the empty fireplace, with one hand clutching a book on the arm of the chair as firmly as if he were awake. On such a night he did not get to bed at all.

When a vivid man does a sufficient number of things that are unfailingly characteristic, legend begins to attach itself to his name. And when he lives on and on through one college generation after another until men who were in his classes almost a half century before come back to visit their grandsons in the freshman class and find him still teaching with the same old fire, the contributions of legendary instance mount till they constitute a kind of running supplemental biography.

Men argued over the original color of his hair and beard, for he was gray—or white—so early that nobody could quite remember him when he was not gray or white. They liked to speak, too, of the fact that Kitty never bothered with any degree except an A.B. They laughed over the gushing woman who asked in disappointment why he had never taken a Ph.D. and his supposed reply: "Who would have examined me?" Or they repeated the story of the famous woman college president who wished a Harvard man as an instructor in English, but said she could not consider anyone who lacked a Ph.D., and of Charles Townsend Copeland's stentorian reply to her: "Thank God, then we'll not lose Kittredge!"

Legend was helped, too, by the fact that in his highly charged life there was always unpredictable heartening for the less positive, the less courageous. When a frightened young candidate for honors in English had to say in reply to a ques-

tion: "I'm afraid I can't answer; I have not read all of Wordsworth," Professor Kittredge brought him quickly to life and confidence by replying: "Neither have I! I couldn't be hired to!" When the efficiency experts were rising up everywhere in institutions, and one of them asked Professor Kittredge just how many hours and minutes it took him to prepare one of his "lectures" on Shakespeare, he replied: "I refuse to answer. It's one of my trade secrets." Then he relented and said, "Just a lifetime—can't you see that?" When graduate students in the field of English made their way to Professor K. G. T. Webster's house at Gerry's Landing for a relaxing great dinner and then a joyous session on the third floor in a room that some of the guests thought of as an Anglo-Saxon mead hall, Professor Kittredge was always so full of wit and generosity of spirit that the guests were stirred to believe they could face anything.

So there he was, about to be seventy-five, full of fiery power, and seemingly without a thought that he had already taught ten years past the usual retiring age. He walked energetically through the traffic of Harvard Square and the policeman said bravely but so that Professor Kittredge would be sure not to hear: "Be a little careful there, Santa Claus!" In the Yard the general assumption seemed to be that nobody quite dared to tell him that he must retire.

On his seventy-fifth birthday, when he went to his class at Radcliffe the girls had put seventy-five magnificent crimson roses on his desk.

What was this they had done? Often enough he had scolded them. Sometimes he had walked out on them when they did not come up to his expectations in brilliance. And now they had remembered him in this fashion. They had almost taken an unfair advantage of him—so startling was it all. He told them—and suddenly he was deeply touched—that he found it difficult to express his great appreciation. "If it would help, I'd declare

a holiday. And I do hereby declare a holiday." Then quite as suddenly he recovered his usual manner, looked up, and said with a self-defiant kind of smile: "Now if only some of you will tell me how to get them home without looking like a bridegroom!"

At home he admitted modestly to his wife that not every man received that many roses from his girl students on his seventy-fifth birthday. In the afternoon when one of his former students and his wife dropped in to offer best wishes, he was in the happiest of moods. He told them how near he had come to being born on the twenty-ninth of February. He admitted in great joviality that undergraduates had at times led him to make "characteristic remarks" and do "characteristic things," and he drew out of the past a few instances himself. Yes, he supposed he would be giving up teaching sooner or later, for he had in mind finishing that annotated edition of such plays of Shakespeare as had interested him most, and that would keep him busy for a number of years ahead.

And so it did.

5. *Poetic Geologist*

SOME of the students called Nathaniel Southgate Shaler "The Confederate General." They knew well enough that he had fought in the Union Army, but he was from Kentucky, and he wore a "Southern-looking" beard, and a hat with a slightly extended brim, and he was tall and somewhat spare, and he moved across the Yard with a free dignity as if he had grown up where courtesy was an important part of life.

In the afternoon students saw him when he was on his way to the gymnasium. This trip seemed to mean that his official day was over, for he moved along in relaxed calm, with his cane under his arm, the crook of it grasped lightly in his hand. When he came into the gymnasium, he walked directly to an area where there were some hooks on the wall of the main floor, hung up his cane, his hat, and his coat and vest, pushed his suspenders—it had not yet become swank to call them "braces"—down over his hips so that he could feel free, and very seriously—almost solemnly—went to work at one of the pulling machines. After a time, he dropped into one of the rowing machines for a turn there. When he had had a good work-out, he pulled his suspenders up over his shoulders, put on his coat and vest and hat, took his cane from the hook, and moved out into the world again, very much a gentleman.

It was in the classroom that he came to full vividness. Despite the fact that much of his subject matter was fossiliferous,

nothing that he touched ever seemed dead. He talked about the "r-rolling sands," and everybody saw them roll. He got a volcano ready for an eruption, and then with a tremendous gesture let it erupt—and students were glad to look about and see that the top of the building they were in had not gone up with everything else. As for the swiftness with which the insect life that possessed the earth would multiply if the conditions were the most favorable, well, if the rush of billions of new insects should constitute a single mounting column, it would rise toward the sun with the speed of—did he say "sound," or "light"? In any case, the imagination could not keep up. It had to be content with such slow progressions as that of the predecessors of man as he is today. This column might move by at the speed of a marching army, and at the end of a thousand years still be passing the reviewing stand.

Students whose unimaginative lives had never carried them beyond home and prep school and Harvard Square sat in Shaler's presence and saw the face of the earth becoming an endless wonderland—the wonderland of fact vivified. Henry Ware Eliot had to use him as the first exhibit in *Harvard Celebrities* (1901):

> This is Shaler,
> Fairy-taler,
> Scientific mountain-scaler,
> Penetrator
> Of each crater
> From the poles to the equator,
> Tamer of the hurricane,
> Prophet of the wind and rain,
> Hypnotizer
> Of the geyser,
> Wizard of the frozen plain.

His courses were crowded—for many reasons. One of these was that it was not difficult to get some decent kind of grade

under him—at least in Geology 4. According to student legend, he piled all the bluebooks of a given examination in a mountainous heap on the sofa. After they had been there for a week, he thrust both hands deep into the pile, brought up an armload and carried all he could hold over to a chair on the other side of the room. After a second week, he carried another armload to another chair; and likewise after a third week, and a fourth, when all the books had been transferred from the sofa. To those in the first chair he gave *A*'s; to those in the second, *B*'s; the third, *C*'s; the fourth, *D*'s; and all that had fallen on the floor in the strictly impartial process were flunks. But whatever may have been his method of determining grades, students knew that before they sat in his presence they were blind, and that now they sometimes saw. Never again would the earth be quite the prosaic place it had been to them only last year. He was almost too exciting to be a professor.

To his colleagues also he was some kind of variant. But there was wide disagreement over what kind he was. Not a few of them professed to find a trace of the Rebel Yell in everything he did. Although he was a terror for students who revealed any basic dishonesty or viciousness, he felt so clearly the difference between one violation and another, and the danger of heavy punishment for light offenses, that in the eyes of some of his colleagues he was always battling them in behalf of refractory students.

One Saturday afternoon when a policeman was trying to catch a mucker who had been mining his way in to see a Harvard football game, and the chase was in the direction of Dean Shaler as he came along the street, Shaler suddenly put his books down, and as the mucker came up seized him under the arms and whooped him into an elm tree where he could be out of reach of the law. That, his colleagues insisted, was what he was always doing in faculty meetings. And Shaler retorted that

it was. He did not mean to treat understandable peccadilloes as if they were fundamental lapses of character.

He was eloquent. He was also irascible. And sometimes he could be violent. Worse still, he could be unduly persistent. It was said in his day that a faculty meeting consisted of a speech by somebody, followed by Shaler's reply, plus a speech by somebody else, followed by Shaler's reply to that, and so on till the meeting came to a close. He and President Eliot were for years next-door neighbors—until Emerson Hall was built on the site of the Shaler house—and they were good friends. But they were not designed by nature to travel together as a team. On one occasion when the faculty meeting was a bit stormy, Professor Shaler held the floor while others wished to speak. Finally President Eliot said without protocol, "Sit down, Professor Shaler." And Shaler replied: "Sir, I shall obey your orders." When on another occasion it had been decided to do something that Shaler could not approve, he went over to President Eliot's house—it was a practice with him—while he was still burning with disapproval and said that if this action were taken, he would tender his resignation. Later he confessed to his friends what he had done; and when they asked what President Eliot had said upon hearing such a jolting declaration, Shaler laughed and replied, "The mon simply snorted!"

Three quarters of a century later it is not too easy to understand what Shaler's role was—what it had to be—in the decades of the nineteenth century following the Civil War. The developing field of science was so new that nobody could yet conjecture what the field was to become. But somebody had to attempt an encompassing view. Shaler had been a student under Agassiz and had learned how to look at a thing until it yielded its interest and its significance. But he had learned also —in part as an officer in the army—how to take the over-all view that enables one to see things in their relations. In the

developing era of science he had to get his own bearings and then reveal to others something of the vastness spreading before him.

He found himself somewhat in the position of the composer who feels the need of listeners, and must devote a part of his energies to creating the audience which he must have if he is to exert a musical influence. The great American public knew little about geology, about science in general, and too often cared little. So Shaler wrote much that was designed to make this wider public aware and sympathetically concerned.

Fortunately for his purposes, he knew how to write interestingly for a magazine audience. He knew, too, how to make scientific subject matter into a readable book. In such a volume as *Aspects of the Earth* he enabled readers to see the Grand Canyon, the Mammoth Cave, the action of volcanoes, the effects of earthquakes, the life of caverns, the progress of a tornado, the importance of forests, the importance of soils and of soil conservation. Through another volume, *The Story of Our Continent*, he became known to public-school teachers all over the country.

In scores of ways he was ahead of his time. He saw—one instance—the ironic plight of a vast country that must depend for its development on means of communication, yet that had actually done little with the most basic of all means of communication, public highways. He dreamed of a United States that would be a network of some kind of surfaced roads. He had to write a book, *American Highways*, through which he could speak about roads—their history down through the ages, the effects of climate on roads, the testing of road materials, the relation of the government to roads, road-making machines, roads and engineers, education in the art of road building. Of course he was charged with proposing that we bury ourselves in road debts; and the automobile was not yet far enough along (1896) to lend him support.

It is not possible to appreciate the problems of his role without bearing constantly in mind that he was a sensitive, imaginative person growing toward full maturity at the very time when Darwin and Huxley were rending the world with their new conception of the way man came to be man. The resistance offered to them was more than the customary execration with which a new idea is met, for they called upon men to discard beliefs that had long been specially sacred. Ministers and priests denounced Darwin and Huxley as far worse than the devil, since the devil openly came to town looking like the devil—a contention that might well be argued—and the two evolutionists made loud professions of being decent men at the very time they were wrecking men's faith in the Biblical account of creation by saying that men were only sublimated monkeys. If some modest forerunner of Bernard Shaw ventured to hint that as things stood now there wasn't any devil, the antievolutionists seemed even more disturbed at this possible loss than they had been over the loss of the Garden of Eden.

The struggle vacated pulpits, ostracized church members who dared to read the case for evolution, and broke up families and prospective marriages. "He seems to be a nice enough young man, but they say he is an evolutionist!" Two thirds of a century later, it all is too remote to seem real. But in the days when Huxley visited Cambridge—and, according to Mrs. Shaler, stood up in the carriage, waved his hat, and gave three cheers at the sight of tobacco growing—the revolutionary conception was freshly potent in disturbing men's minds to their profoundest depths. Huxley was well aware that his New York audience in 1876 would be difficult, and he made the first of his three lectures on evolution a lasting model of skill in keeping away from terminology and association of ideas that might result in antipathetic explosion. During all the years on into the beginning of the twentieth century, Shaler lived in the sweep of the vast and cumulative influence.

But there were other influences—older influences, subtler in-

fluences—close about him. In his day it was still quite in style to regard literary achievement as man's well-nigh highest earthly hope. He admired good writing, and he found delight in the company of writers. Mrs. Shaler recalled one dinner—at Agassiz's house—where Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, William Dean Howells, and Bret Harte were present—as well as others. There was in the work of such men a great binding power of warmth that was one of the chief forces in civilized life.

Inescapably, then, Shaler was troubled by Darwin's declaration that a lifetime devoted to scientific research had caused him to lose all interest in the poetry and drama that he had enjoyed in his youth. "This," Shaler declared, "is a serious charge—nothing less than an allegation that natural science tends to diminish the capacity of those engaged in it to enter on those sympathetic relations with their fellows which the higher literature induces." He went on to say that if this were true, "All imaginable profit from the increase of our knowledge concerning the physical realm would not compensate for such a loss of human power." The question affected the whole fabric of education and human conduct.

He was prompted by another motive not so openly expressed. The Harvard of his day was heavily influenced by German methods. It was the fashion, Shaler thought, to have much knowledge about a thing—about literature, for instance—but never to have the capacity to do the thing itself. Why did not somebody do some building, instead of merely gathering together piles of sticks and stones? Why not write something that would be worth reading as a direct expression of the imagination? Josiah Royce had once published a novel, but it was such a flat failure that his friends hated to speak of it. Barrett Wendell likewise did a little unfictional fiction. Shaler therefore had not only a Darwinian reason but a Harvard reason for giving the creative imagination a testing. He decided to write a play. And since he had had more or less the same experience that Darwin had had in losing interest in Shakespeare—"for forty years I have not

willingly visited a theatre"—he decided to try a play "of the Elizabethan type." He would in this way be putting himself to the severest test possible.

The result was something that may be without parallel in the history of science and letters: a five-volume, five-part "dramatic romance" called *Elizabeth of England*—about eight hundred pages in all. He frankly confessed that when he sat down to begin, the idea was repugnant to him. Nor did he so much as know whether he was to write in "measured prose" or verse. But soon he was writing "heroic verse," and felt at home in it. Soon, too, he was shaping characters on the memories of persons of his own acquaintance, and otherwise doing the work very much as any professional literary craftsman might have done it. He did not have in mind publishing what he was writing—he later avowed this in the preface—but when the long sequence was more or less finished and some of his friends told him that he must publish it, he seemed not too resistant to their urging.

So one morning in the autumn of 1903 there were neatly boxed sets of the volumes in all the bookstore windows of Harvard Square. They produced a flurry that was akin to consternation.

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND
A Dramatic Romance
in Five Parts
by
N. S. Shaler
PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I. The Coronation
II. The Rival Queens
III. Armada Days
IV. The Death of Essex
V. The Passing of the Queen [1]

[1] Houghton Mifflin Company.

Students stood in front of windows and looked at the attractive five volumes, supposed they were probably too expensive to buy, and wondered what Shaler's colleagues would now be saying.

And soon they were hearing. The news made its way round the Yard that Barrett Wendell—it seems to have been Barrett Wendell and Charles Eliot Norton—had said that sometimes there was in the work the nobility of William Shakespeare, but that it seemed utterly lacking in Shakespeare's obscenity. Shaler remarked—in reply—to a friend with whom he discussed practices in writing, that he had let the fishhook down into the well of his vocabulary-in-general and pulled up enough of what Wendell and Norton had missed to satisfy anybody, but had let it back down into the well.

When the news reached Shaler that some of his associates—especially in the field of English—had said, "Well, it isn't so much, is it?" he replied, "It's better than they have done—to date." He was comforted when William James and George Herbert Palmer declared the work important. And he enjoyed a strange boyish happiness when certain other friends regretted in all respect for his work in science that he had not turned to letters in the first place.

It did not seem to displease him to know that what he had done had prickled some of his colleagues into prompt derogatory speech. He walked regularly across the Yard toward the gymnasium in the manner of a gentleman without guile. He had engaged in an honest experiment; he had used only the fragments of history in his memory as material, so that his imagination would have to be active; and he had not tried to imitate anyone's style in the writing. Of course, it would always be possible for the critical to say that he had not done well enough in the experiment to prove his point. But he was content. And he had produced an original—possibly unique—souvenir of the con-

flict that was a part of the vital, flowering days of Darwin and Huxley.

But the new conception had stirred him to greater depths. He had to engage in much speculative exploration. No one could deny that if you took away from men the foundation of their religious belief, and put nothing in its place, they would suffer such dislocation and emptiness that their conduct might be seriously influenced. What else could be expected if you told them that historically their belief was established on nothing more than folklore of a high kind, plus the wisdom of great men along the way, and that much of what they believed was contrary to known fact now available?

Shaler felt urged to speak. He published a book, *The Individual*, A Study of Life and Death, in which he set forth in untechnical language his newer understanding of the universe and man's place in it. The book, he declared, was "a protest against the idea, bred of many natural misconceptions, that a human being is something apart from its fellows: that it is born into the world and dies out of it into the loneliness of a supernatural realm."

In the light of the newer scientific understanding, mankind constitutes a very long procession through the ages. Every individual in the procession in very basic ways has only the qualities common to all. But there is no consequent reason for feeling that an individual life is without importance. For above the common qualities, each individual has a center of activity of its own —a whorl, a growth, that is never duplicated. This unique part of a human being is the contributing part. In the brief eight or ten decades of its individual existence, it may give out from its own center of creativeness to the great procession a modification and consequent enlargement of experience, hitherto unknown.

There are difficulties. A human being vested in an individuality in truth unique cannot escape a great loneliness. The genius,

potentially the greatest of all contributors to the species, may be so much occupied with the distinctive part of himself that he is unable or unwilling to be much concerned with the part common to his fellows. Or he may be in touch with them through the common part of himself, and have all the rest of himself misunderstood or ignored. It may be perfectly natural for him to live much of his life on a level of thought and feeling quite out of the everyday reach of his contemporaries. "The man who, more than any other, has shaped learning and set the paths in which it should go onward for twenty-four centuries was, to those who knew him, 'the vain and chattering little Aristotle'; and the Greatest that has dwelt in this world was, to the understanding of educated Romans, but a fanatical peasant who disturbed the peace of Jerusalem." [1]

The important matter was to see that there was the highest possible understanding of what individual lives meant in relation to fellow beings and to what Shaler called "the great realm." He had to look about, "in the name of God," as Tolstoy begged men to do. And when he thus looked, what could be more senseless than killing off the young of the earth in war before they had any fair chance to develop the individual, contributing overtones of their lives?

And could we not see the utter savagery of denying the aged the opportunity to go on living up to the end of their lives? How could we refuse to give ear to all the potent intimations that the aged in their greater quietude are able to receive? The Jews early came to have the sure mark of men of high estate through the reverence for age which they revealed in their sacred writings.

It was a process that worked in both directions: it was just as good for the man who tried to understand as it was for the individuality that he sought to know. Shaler felt the firmness of his own position: "No man can find his best and dearest self

[1] *The Individual.* 1900. D. Appleton & Company. By permission.

within himself, but must seek it in his neighbor." Another book seemed called for—*The Neighbor*, The Natural History of Human Contacts. In it he considered hatred, ethnic motives, the categoric motive, the significance of variety in life. He went specifically into the Jewish problem and the Negro problem, and reminded all who would read that we were robbing ourselves, robbing the great procession, when we did not welcome the individuality of race. We had inherited such premoral survivals as hate, and we must persist until the truly moral man prevails. "To him there will be no more 'a dog of a Jew' or a 'damned nigger,' or other accursed shapes of men, but each with its measure of nobility will go to make up the splendor of the world." [1]

And then he had to round out his idea with yet another volume, *The Citizen:* A Study of the Individual and the Government. Who could say that the geologist had not gone rather far afield? But he was trying to see man in the unfolding new life.

His associates had to admit that he was something of a wonder, if only in his capacity to turn out work. He had taught geology; he had gone on many expeditions to different parts of North America; he had carried on certain work for the United States Coast Survey; he had served for a number of years as Director of the Kentucky Geological Survey; he had served for years as Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School; he had published more than two hundred reports and papers and articles, and about twenty books.

Among his colleagues he often enough must have been one of those little-understood individualities about whom he himself had written. They asked if he ought not to have restricted himself to the making of a few things that were extra-good, instead of trying to cover the universe. But all such questions only echoed old proposals that Wordsworth—let us say—should have

[1] *The Neighbor.* 1904. Houghton Mifflin Company. By permission.

written only the small number of poems that are widely read, and have omitted writing all the others. A part of genius is its profusion. It has to go through with the process of saying all—or at least as much as it is able to say. There was the unfolding world of wonder before Shaler's eyes, and he had to go right on with his explorings and speculations and reflections.

His profusion, too, was in his everyday expression of his belief that a man can find himself only by entering into the life of his neighbor. Some of his hungering students were the sons of Jewish immigrants, and he had to go among the Russian Jews of Boston and know their hardships and their aspirations. He was able to remember, also, just how it feels when one is young and away from home to have the enterprises of one's life halted by sickness. So he was always "looking after" students who were in the hospital. He and William James and Dean Briggs devoted so much time to sick students that they convinced students, if not all their older associates, that there is some fundamental relation between human warmth and unforgettable teaching.

And Shaler had to see that the hungry were fed—at least on occasion. He would learn in University Hall the names of students who were working their way. He had tactful and gracious means of meeting some of these, talking with them, and suggesting that dinner would be a good time for continuing the discussion. Men remember him still as he came in springtime from a walk round Fresh Pond, with a bunch of wild flowers clutched in one hand, and with a student at his side, on the way to dinner. If he thought a student interesting, and if he detected worn shoe soles, he remarked to one or another of his colleagues that here was a young man who ought to be invited in for a meal and some good talk. As a result of his "system," many a student and not a few professors had opportunity to learn somewhat more of their "best and dearest self" by entering into the life of some "neighbor."

It was agreeable, also, to enter into the lives of some of his

neighbors out of the past. He devoted himself to a volume—a volume of more than three hundred pages—of poems of the Civil War, *From Old Fields.* His traditional lines would make little appeal to anyone chiefly concerned with new techniques. But he is vivid. And beyond any mere vividness there is a touch of Thomas Hardy's feeling for fate. William James, who said of Shaler, "Of all the minds I have known, his leaves the largest impression," thought *From Old Fields* had "a great epic wind of sadness blowing all through it."

In the end, Shaler was without known parallel. Only Raphael Pumpelly, the philosophic mining engineer, seemed to come up to his late years with anything of Shaler's outlook. And even here the parallel was not basic. Pumpelly talked with mystics and was able to enjoy some of the intimations that came to them; and he sat on the ridge of his favorite mountain and enjoyed solitude. Shaler, on the contrary, could not stop short of expressing himself. New knowledge meant to him new understandings, new speculations, new long-distance concerns, new and compelling reasons for neighborliness. In an unfolding era he took the early-morning view, and had to declare that some full light of day was ahead. He was a poet in the world of science.

6. "Copey"

IT IS not possible to write about Charles Townsend Copeland without speaking in the first person. For "Copey" had the mysterious vitality to be found in every great teacher: you could not have acquaintance with him without thinking of him in relation to yourself.

My personal acquaintance with him was long deferred. When I first arrived in Harvard Square, fresh from what Barrett Wendell called "the wilds of Ohio," it was early July, and Harvard Summer School students were everywhere. As I moved about with much free time ahead of me into September, I noticed one morning in shop windows and on bulletin boards that "Mr. Copeland" was to read on a certain evening in Sever Hall. The wording of the announcement led me to feel that here was to be something unlike the lectures I had heard in the little college from which I had just come.

Although my roommate and I went early, we found the lecture hall overflowing into the main corridor of the building. Near us, three official-looking youngish men conferred seriously, and they decided to "go over and tell him" that he just had to read where there was more room—in the New Lecture Hall. When they started we trailed along close behind, in the hope of gaining advance information and securing seats.

From one of the upper windows of an ancient-looking dormitory a serious little man with cropped dark mustache and mag-

nificent forehead looked out into the quiet of the Yard. One of the three hurried up. The man at the window vanished, and then the man who had gone up came to the window. "He does not wish to read in the New Lecture Hall."

"But tell him that the people simply cannot get in."

Then the man himself reappeared. "I wish to read in Sever."

"But already the hall is overflowing into the corridor."

"That is the way I want it."

We followed back to Sever Hall. By this time the audience—chiefly schoolma'ams in bright summer dresses—reached all the way through the corridor, down the entrance steps, and out into the Yard. While the men conferred anew—we learned that one of them was President Eliot's secretary—the stern little man we had seen at the window came trudging along the path with books under his arm.

It would be difficult to imagine a less academic-looking person than he was as he came up. He was small and shrunken, and he wore a checked suit, a collar of material that had a figure in it, and a black derby hat that seemed larger than his head, though it was not. He was then still under forty-five—I came later to know—but a shuffling walk and some vast disapproval in his face made him seem older. No one ever saw a professor who looked like this. He might have been an actor—as he was. For he seemed well enough aware that he was the cause of all the flurry, and that he was being looked at with some awe.

The men spoke to him with respect—one of them addressed him as "Mr. Copeland"—but with great earnestness. "You can see for yourself how it is."

"Let them crowd in."

"They are already standing everywhere, and sitting in the windows."

"Let them sit in the windows!"

Some of the crowd began to move nearer.

The three men sought to make themselves impressive. These

Summer School students had paid their fees and were entitled to hear him—and could, if only he would be obliging enough to change his plans.

"Very well," at last he said dourly, "I suppose if I must, I must—damn it!"

He moved off toward the New Lecture Hall. Quickly the crowd had the news, and followed. As he marched along with great deliberateness, he was like a dark comet with a long spreading tail of a thousand bright dresses in the twilight.

When the last stragglers were in and the last woman had dropped her handbag and Copey had said warningly, "Now if you ladies will get a firm grip on everything," he was ready to read. But the mosquitoes bothered him, and he tried also to make war on them. While he sat with his eyes intent upon the page, he slowly lifted an open palm until it was poised just above his head, and read in a resonant, deliberate voice:

> In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts
> of love . . .

Smack! And on into the next stanza.

He noticed the titters and suppressed laughter, and in the course of the next poem, he lifted his hand again, and the titters spread all over the hall. But this time he did not bring his hand down. And after he had finished the poem and was leafing ahead in the volume for the next one, his face revealed the faintest trace of a smile.

Clearly enough, I was in the presence of some sort of extraordinary person. I went to hear him whenever he read. But for months I regarded him only from afar.

Then one day when the frosts of autumn were upon the Yard and gusts of wind were denuding the old buildings of their brilliant ivy, a friendly professor suggested that Copey might be able to help me with some seventeenth-century letters in which I had become interested. The next afternoon at four o'clock I

climbed the stairs in Hollis Hall to Copey's rooms. I knocked. I heard no one. I knocked again. Then I heard what seemed to be shuffling slippered feet, and the turning of the lock in the door. Then the door swung open, and there stood Copey like a thundercloud.

"Damn it, young man, don't you know that I never see anybody until after ten in the evening? Why do you disturb me at this time of day?"

I drew desperately upon my resources: I explained that I had really been sent by one of his colleagues, who had said nothing about hours.

"Well, then, since you are here, come on in. But you must be brief. I have only five minutes. Sit down there and tell me what your errand is."

I stumbled through a hasty explanation of my interest in the letters.

"Oh! Oh!" And I could see the cloud stealing from his face. "So that is it." And the deliberate voice became almost intimate. "But I am not at all sure that I can be of the least help."

Then for an hour I listened to the most illuminating and brilliant talk my provincial young ears had ever heard. He completely forgot that I had come at the wrong time.

When I was ready to go and was making a floundering effort to express my appreciation, I said, "But you gave me no chance to tell you my name. It is Brown."

"Mine's Copeland!" he replied in his resonant platform voice, and then smiled as if we both must know that that was pretty good.

"And now since we have been properly introduced, why don't you come and see me some evening after ten o'clock? Just look for a light in that window over there in the corner. And if you see it, come on up."

It was the beginning of a friendship destined to be without

end. And as I saw more and more of Copey I came to understand how almost anything said about him by anyone who had ever seen him might express one facet of truth. For his stringent exterior and his quick sallies of wit and sarcasm were capable of such proportioning that he could be casually interpreted almost as one chose. He repelled many, and with such energy that they became eloquent. To these he was cranky; he was artificial, even in voice; he was a charlatan in the world of scholars. George Santayana, in speaking of his own official career at Harvard, referred to Copey as an "elocutionist" who "by declaiming" provided a "spiritual debauch" for "the many well-disposed waifs at Harvard living under difficult conditions."

Those who became Copey's followers were the ones who by friendly intuition or fortunate chance were led to see that Santayana and Copey constituted a head-on collision in philosophies. Santayana, by his own confession on various occasions, preferred to remain in the quiet backwaters and watch the mainstream of very imperfect human beings go by. The "well-disposed waifs" at Harvard did not interest him deeply. And they did interest Copey—the ones who would not be scared off. These found themselves getting excited over discoveries that Copey helped them to make. They found themselves feeling adequate to discover thereafter whatever they needed or much wished. And they were filled with a robust gratitude. Copey's eccentricities became for them matters of affectionate regard; the undergraduate indignities suffered at his hands had to be talked about, and matched, and laughed at again and again as so many embellishments of the less obvious and greater Copey—until he became one of the company of picturesque legendary figures in three centuries of Harvard history.

Of course his followers had to linger long over his wit. Henry Ware Eliot wrote in *Harvard Celebrities:*

If wit and madness be as like as Pope and others tell,
Then Copey by the merest squeak escapes the padded cell.

Copey criticized the lines by reminding Eliot that it was not Pope, but Dryden. Eliot thought that was only a technicality. "Dryden" would not fit into the line.

And every Copey disciple knew that Eliot was right. The fundamental truth was there: Copey was full of wit—of his own special brand. Or if it could not always be called wit, it could be called whatever one liked. It was the expression of Copey.

There were countless examples—without drawing upon anything apocryphal. There was, for instance, that story—in many versions, but grounded solidly in fact—about Copey's reply to his sister's maid. When he went to see his sister, Mrs. Dunbar, on Highland Street in Cambridge, and the Irish maid unexpectedly ran into him, threw up her hands in consternation, and exclaimed, "Jesus!" Copey very calmly replied, "No, no! Just Mrs. Dunbar's brother." When a student who felt sure that he would never become a writer asked Copey somewhat worshipfully how many of his former students had dedicated books to him, Copey proudly gave him the number—a large one. Then he added: "But Bill, I can tell you something else. I have had six kids named for me. So if you cannot qualify in one respect, perhaps you can in another." He was afraid that much graduate study in English was only a process in de-education. So when he was told that a man who was seeking an assistantship in English already had his Ph.D., Copey turned and asked in stentorian voice: "And does he have the Ph.D. death rattle?"

Sometimes students found it difficult to appreciate his notions of what was amusing. When an undergraduate who was one of my friends arrived five minutes late at his first conference with Copey, Copey asked severely, "What are you doing here at this hour, my young man? I have no conference with anyone at 3:05." The "young man" apologized very humbly, and Copey used up the reminder of the time in telling him what students might expect in his courses if they undervalued promptitude.

The next time the student arrived early, and Copey asked, as though puzzled: "What can I do for you, young man?"

"I came for my conference."

"But I have no conference with anyone at 2:55."

"It is for 3:00, but I didn't want to be late this time."

"Well, just go out and walk under the elms until 3:00."

A senior who all in all had an excellent college record, but had been careless in his course under Copey and was in danger of failing, and therefore losing his diploma, went to Copey somewhat too belatedly, somewhat too desperately. He came away with a brief report: "Copey called me a toad."

Sometimes he attached to his own experience a uniqueness that his most devoted friends did not find in it. Many years after my own university days were over I stopped at Hollis Hall to see Copey for a few minutes when he was having a year of leave. He lay upon a couch with a heavy towel that had been dipped in ice water on his forehead, and with his hands folded so neatly that he looked like a corpse.

"Do you suppose I am ever to be well again?" he asked.

"Of course you are, just as soon as you get away from here and quit thinking about students and lectures and themes and conferences."

"But you must remember that I am sixty-three years old."

"Now let me see," I replied in an effort to be comforting, "that is just twenty-six years younger than President Eliot, isn't it?"

The corpse sprang up, full of furious life. "My God! Don't you dare mention that man to me! The Lord just made him to show to people!"

Five minutes later I met Dean Briggs in the Yard, and he asked, "Have you seen Copey recently?"

"Just now." And I told him what Copey had said about being sixty-three years old.

"Why," the Dean replied with a tolerant, beaming smile, "there have been several other people as old as that."

Nor did Copey hesitate to let it be known that he welcomed appreciation, and praise, and the widest possible publicity for anything he had done, or was doing, or was contemplating. He once told me that he had heard I meant to write a sketch of him, and asked me why I hadn't done it. I explained that I had had such a pleasant project in mind, but had deferred to a common friend who wished to write the sketch if ever he could get to it—though he did not. "But," Copey asked reprovingly, "would it be calamitous if both of you should write about me?"

Always there were stories about how this or that person had outshone Copey in brightness—about the class in English at Radcliffe that put twenty-three glasses of water (one for each girl) on his desk at the next meeting after he had requested one of the girls—"as though she were just a Harvard student"—to go and find the glass of water which he always required; about the girl dressed for tea when she came late to his afternoon course whom he asked, "One lump or two, Miss Smith?" and who retorted, "I'll have two, thank you, and no lemon"; about the tailor required by Copey to make him a new checked coat to take the place of one that had suffered a speck of damage in the course of pressing, who had the new coat delivered by a Negro boy wearing Copey's old coat of identical pattern; about the sharp-eyed little woman who had been scolded out of the audience by Copey because she could not stop coughing, who slipped in early to his next reading and sprinkled cayenne pepper all over the top of his desk and evened the score. Some of the many stories of this kind had a basis of fact. Some were only what somebody had thought of the next day or the next week and wished he had said or done on the spur of the moment. But whether they were the ones based on fact or the ones only savored with the reminiscent wish that it had been like that,

they were truthful comments on the man for whom they were intended.

All such things were part of the miscellany that in one way or another revealed something of Copey. But they were no more the complete expression of him than the stories of Whistler's wisecracks were the complete expression of Whistler the artist. Essentially Copey was in earnest. He enjoyed participating in the mighty enterprise of awakening young men. When once a student had discovered that, and had begun to know his own part in the experience, he looked upon Copey as an eccentric but devoted revealer of gifts from heaven.

There were conditions to be met. Everyone within the circle of his life had to come to full alertness. He required undivided attention, and would resort to any expedient, even a theatrical one, in order to get it. When he went, for instance, to one of his Summer School courses—open to men and women—and found a great body of pleasant but casual-looking students waiting for him, he wondered—very eloquently—if some of them had not got into the wrong room. After other preliminaries designed to create expectancy, he remarked, "My Uncle Toby once said"—and then he cast a commanding eye over the room and asked, "But who is 'my Uncle Toby'?"

He waited a few seconds, displayed impatience, and then became impetuous. "Am I to understand that no one here knows 'my Uncle Toby'?"

A young man lifted his hand timidly and ventured: "*Twelfth Night?*"

"No! No! My God, no! Not *Twelfth Night!* Where did you go to college—tell me!"

The man told him.

"And do you mean to say that you never heard about 'my Uncle Toby'? Who were your teachers of English?"

After a fearful silence, a young woman in the rear of the room lifted her hand, and Copey noticed.

"And will you tell us where 'my Uncle Toby' is?"

"In Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*."

"Why, of course! Of course! Of course! Here is a young lady who can tell us who 'my Uncle Toby' is. And where did you go to college?"

"Radcliffe."

"Radcliffe! The young lady who tells us where to find 'my Uncle Toby' is from Radcliffe! And did you have any courses with me while you were there?"

She mentioned two.

"Now you see! It is one of my own Radcliffe students who is able to tell us about 'my Uncle Toby.'"

And with an atmosphere of humility and awesomeness filling the room, he was ready to proceed into the hour and on into all the hours of the summer session.

He had become master of two seemingly simple yet difficult means of teaching, and his chief hold upon students was through these: he read literature to them—in large groups; and he talked to them—one at a time, or in small groups. The era had not yet come when professors asked, "But if I use my time in talking to students, when am I to get my work done?"

Copey's own commentary in his classroom lectures seemed never to be claiming his entire concern, though he was witty and discerning. But when he pushed aside the few sheets of lecture notes and took up the literature itself to read, he came to full life. His reading was so vivid, so complete an expression of the author read, that nobody could forget it. Men listened to him and wondered how they had in their own reading been so incompletely present. And that was precisely how Copey had planned to have it work out.

He liked the literature that read well aloud—and eventually compiled an enormous anthology called *The Copeland Reader*. In consequence, men went about in the Yard—and after—with

their heads ringing with Dr. Johnson, and Blake, and Wordsworth, and Scott, and Lamb, and George Borrow, and Tennyson, and Dickens, and Hardy, and Stevenson, and Conrad, and Francis Thompson, and Kipling, and Walter de la Mare, and Masefield, and Abraham Lincoln, and Thoreau, and Whitman, and Mark Twain, and many and many another.

Such lecturing and such reading constituted only the work-aday giving of courses. But when Copey announced a special evening reading, an hour that had for its sole purpose the giving of delight through profound or subtle revelation, that was an event in academic annals.

Of course there were certain to be amusing preliminaries and accompaniments. These were expected. Many a student would have felt cheated if Copey had sat down becomingly and read. At the appointed hour somebody had to lock the door against late-comers; somebody had to open a window—or close it—or open one and close another—or open or close two or three; somebody had to see that a glass of water was on the desk just the right distance away—and in the right direction; everybody had to choke off all coughing; and Copey himself had to re-adjust the reading light time after time.

To the uninitiated these matters were artificial and sometimes annoying. But where was there another man who could fill a lecture hall to overflowing with university students of every degree of sophistication, just to hear him read? They knew that they were not being deceived. Copey read so imaginatively, he was so vivid himself, that students had the enjoyable feeling of seeing luminously what they had before been wholly unaware of, or had felt but vaguely. It was something to see: a hall packed with students listening intently to a man read for an hour from the Old Testament, and finding themselves moved to the verge of tears as he closed:

"And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my

son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

One could not forget his reading. Yet it was in his other means of bringing students to aliveness, his talking to them in his conference room or study, that many found the chief good of his teaching. In his course in writing, after a student had done all else that was required, he sat in Copey's presence and read his theme, broke out in a cold sweat to see how less than perfect it was, now that he read it in the presence of the Mighty Conscience, and heard the criticism that Copey dictated and that he himself wrote on the outside of the theme. "And put down an *A* with a long minus." Or it might be "a *B* with a big plus," or "two *B*'s."

But in his talk as well as in his reading it was when he was half or wholly away from the workaday that he became most completely unforgettable. When the light was in the window after ten o'clock, men made their way up the wooden stairs that had thus resounded to the tramp of feet since before the building had been used as barracks in the Revolutionary War, past rooms that had been occupied by a long succession of men more or less known in America, and finally to a room in which Ralph Waldo Emerson had broken the ice in the washbasin on winter mornings one year while he was in college.

Sometimes Copey welcomed them personally. Sometimes he was already sitting erect in the good-sized chair close to one side of the fireplace—where he always seemed to be on a dais—and an earlier student opened the door, or hurried back into the next room to bring out one more chair.

"Sit right there!" Copey would command from his place of eminence, and the late arrival would obey.

One evening a hesitant freshman ventured in when the only chair left was a small painted one opposite Copey almost in the fireplace. "Right there!" Copey directed. "Sit right there!"

His brilliance that evening was extraordinary even for him,

and everyone sat intent and inquiring. Suddenly he broke off in the middle of a sentence with a "My God, young man!"

The fire had steadily grown hotter, the paint on the chair was smoking and blistering, and the freshman's face looked as if he himself were in danger of bursting into flame.

"You do know how to hold the fort, don't you?" said Copey.

Very privately some of Copey's followers believed that he kept the little painted chair there close against the fireplace as an initial test of loyalty. Men who could stand such a scorching would be sure to come again.

No one—not even Copey himself—knew the direction the talk might take. It might begin in some such conventional way as, "And where are you from?"

"From Ohio—southeastern Ohio."

"But you do not have the Midwestern guttural r-r-r-r-r!"

"Half of my family came over the mountains from Virginia."

"Ah! That explains it." And since regions all over the United States were represented in the bright room, the interesting question of migrations and regional speech might claim the greater part of the evening.

But students were aways hoping that the talk could be turned to Copey's own experience—to literary gossip, to the great actors and actresses that Copey had come to know when he was writing for the *Boston Post* before he came to Harvard. He had written a life of Edwin Booth in the "Beacon Biographies" series, and always somebody was ready to ask him about Edwin Booth and John Wilkes Booth—if there were a half chance. And Ellen Terry, and Duse, and Bernhardt, and Mrs. Fiske—would Maude Adams and Julia Marlowe ever equal them? Or somebody started him off on the Harvard men of only yesterday who were already distinguished—a heavy percentage of them, it seemed, Copey's own students. Teddy Roosevelt had to be considered also, and what he was doing with the big stick. And did everybody know that the tall young Roosevelt in the Yard at the

time was Teddy's cousin? And who were some of the recent poets who deserved to survive? Sometimes Copey had to take down two or three volumes and read a little to make clear just why he believed as he did.

In such talk, in the presence of a dozen men who had come because their own enthusiasm had brought them, Copey's mind and tongue were freed. But almost more interesting still, the students began to find their own minds and tongues freed, so that they expressed themselves with a clearness and a certainty that until a moment ago they did not know they could command.

Before midnight some of those nearest the door slipped very unobtrusively away. After a time, when several had gone in this manner in order not to break the current of the conversation, all the others were standing and having—or hearing—a final word and saying good-by. One or two carried the chairs back and put them where they belonged; and then there was a bulge of cheerful voices on the stairs as the last of the group descended.

Thus the procession of Copey's awakened ones grew and reached farther and farther until it had spread all over the United States and more or less over the world. In such a center as New York City they became so numerous that they felt called upon to have Copey come to them. At first he refused. To a man who had never been "farther west than Philadelphia, or farther south than Philadelphia," even New York seemed remote. But one day in the Yard at the northwest corner of University Hall, the same man who had once prevailed upon Copey to give up Sever and go to the New Lecture Hall to read, prevailed upon him to go to his former students in New York.

It became an annual pilgrimage—a kind of royal progress, since each year the committee in charge tried to outdo the committee of the preceding year in devising sumptuous ways of expressing appreciation. Copey rode in state; he saw what he wished to

see; he refused to see whatever he thought he would not care for; he was let alone when he wished to have quiet; and then at a grand dinner in the Harvard Club, he read to the men who had named themselves "The Charles Townsend Copeland Association." Before many spring seasons had passed, men were traveling from other regions to the New York meeting—down from Boston and up from Philadelphia and Washington.

Especially after he had retired from the faculty at Harvard—where late he was elevated to the Boylston Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory to succeed Dean Briggs, in a succession that began with John Quincy Adams—did his former students crowd in upon him on special occasions, and remember him on his birthday as if he were a President of the United States. He was happy to hear from so many, to know with great certitude that he had been influential in so many lives—and no small number of them very distinguished lives.

But he hated to have to remember that he was growing old. Being a retired teacher was not quite the same as being a teacher. He missed the cheerful voices on the resounding stairs of Hollis Hall. He missed Hollis itself—after he had moved into a complicated apartment house equipped with all such contrivances as door telephones, elevators, and garbage incinerators.

He had preoccupations that were revealed in unpredicted ways. He had never met Edwin Arlington Robinson, though both were from Maine. Once when "E. A." was coming to our house on his way through Boston and Cambridge I arranged to take him to Copey's apartment. It would be interesting just to sit back and hear these two discuss poetry and poets.

As we crossed the Cambridge Common, Robinson said, as if he might be the least bit nervous, "I wish I were a good talker —like Frost—for I know Copey is. But I am not, and never was. So I've just tried to put the best of myself into my poems and let it go at that."

Copey, however, made everything easy. He greeted us at the door with, "Now no introduction is necessary. Come right in, and sit right down, for we must have all the time for talk."

But the talk took a strange direction. Copey told us that he had been sitting there reading something that his mother had written when she was well toward fourscore years old. She was in a calm frame of mind, she said, yet she saw there in the room with her at the moment her own mother, who had been dead many years.

"Now what do you make of that?" Copey asked Robinson. And they were away on a lively discussion of immortality that occupied the entire evening. Not one word was said about any literary matter until just as we were leaving. "Here, come back for a moment," Copey commanded, "and write your name opposite this poem of yours that I like particularly."

The years advanced, and Copey did not like the fact. He was resistant. One morning when he was taking his accustomed walk in Cambridge Common, I said when I met him: "Why, Copey, I haven't seen you looking so well in ten years."

"Yes, I know," he replied, "but you see, I am eighty-two years old—God damn it!"

Yet he lived right on, and had a pretty good time, thank you. Always there were his students—those countless expressions of something that at least in small part was himself. I met them wherever I went—and covered the backs of envelopes with messages to carry to Copey. On a train between San Francisco and Seattle the man across the table in the dining car was reading a book—an interesting book. "A teacher I had in college started me off at this," he explained, "and I have never stopped." It came out that the teacher was Copey. In Southern France one afternoon while I basked in the sun on the mountainside above Montpellier with a man whom I had not met until that morning —a man of importance today in the world of letters—he told me that when he was not finding it easy to earn food and shoe soles

in college, he had a great friend in a professor who could say to one, "Well, God bless you, my boy," and slip two or three five-dollar bills into one's palm with his firm handshake and never cause the slightest twinge of embarrassment. And a man back from the Aleutians said, "Funny thing, though I imagine there must be others who have had the same experience; but I always got a bit of a lift just from being with Copey."

If one could see the map of the world as it is, there would be unbreakable and shining threads running back from spots of Copey's influence everywhere to Cambridge, Massachusetts. Nobody knows this better than Copey himself. That is how he lives. He does not need to peruse what someone has written in a book about the abiding satisfactions of life.

7. *A Self-Indulgent Apostle*

FOR HIS own peace of spirit, Charles Eliot Norton saw the earth at an unfortunate time. He was destined to love everything that was beautiful and to hate everything that was ugly. Yet where did the fates spread his life if not so that his best years fell in the latter part of the nineteenth century? As a child, as a youth, as a man of early middle life, he had opportunity to develop natural alertness into a sensitiveness almost unparalleled. And then he was to be surrounded in his maturer years by "President Grant" architecture, an August-afternoon listlessness in American letters, degeneracy in politics, and roughshod, deforming methods in industry.

Suppose he had lived a quarter of a century earlier. Suppose the struggle over slavery had come in his middle sixties so that he might have felt—along with many another elderly man—that he was rounding out his little cycle to glorious completion by winning a war. It is conceivable that he might then have been content to fill the role of conversationalist, and smoke away the pleasant last years in the company of Lowell and Longfellow, chatting over the great poems of the past, and the somewhat less great poems of the immediate hour. It is conceivable that his lot might have fallen in such a languorous time that he would have been lulled into being one of the dreamiest of the lotus-eaters. For in his nature the inclination to be self-indulgent and the inclination to be apostolic were so nicely balanced that the acci-

dents of environment were enough to push the one ahead of the other.

As it turned out, his life became an unceasing contest between these two inclinations. The lover of the plenteous got an early start. At twenty-two he had gone to India—as a young businessman—and was sipping tea with the Royal Poet of Delhi, Maha Rajah Apurva Krishna Bahadoor. These were rapturous hours for the glowing youth. And there were other rapturous hours. He enjoyed some of them in the Egyptian desert. He enjoyed others in Venice. He enjoyed others in Paris. In Paris he sat proudly on the stage at a benefit where the incomparable Rachel recited scenes from *Virginie*, and he almost touched her hand as he dropped his gold piece into the velvet bag she passed among the guests. In Paris he went with Count Circourt to spend an evening—as it turned out, a pretty dull one—with Lamartine. And he enjoyed still other of these rapturous hours in Florence. What young man just out of college might not be pardoned for enthusiasm in his letters after sitting intimately with the Brownings in the evening quiet of their own Italian house?

The apostolic in him had its opportunities, too. He grew up in a period of American history when helping men to aspire was regarded as a high kind of activity. In Boston he observed how poorly workingmen were housed. While these conditions existed he could not remain self-indulgently at ease. He talked with older men—this quiet, somewhat radiant young gentleman—about model houses and their social importance. He succeeded in having model houses built. He talked about the success of the venture—and eventually wrote about it—with such conviction that his dream was taken up in other cities. Extraordinary place for a building reform to originate—in the heart of a young man so largely occupied by the Royal Poet of Delhi, Rachel, and the Brownings! But it was an extraordinary heart.

Still these years were full of pleasant self-indulgence. The voice of Abraham Lincoln crying out to the people of Illinois that the slavery question was more than a question of economics did not penetrate the woodland of Shady Hill in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Here he entertained Arthur Hugh Clough; he lighted innumerable good cigars with Longfellow and Lowell and the rest of his friends. He whiled away long summer months "in lounging and reading and writing." He witnessed the advent of Walt Whitman, who seemed to him to combine "the characteristics of a Concord philosopher with those of a New York fireman." He witnessed the advent of Darwin and the consternation he brought not only to the orthodox of the Church but to the orthodox of the scientific world. In Charleston he learned how the people of the South combined bounteousness and good taste. In Rome he smiled up to Mrs. Gaskell from the Italian crowd, and carried bouquets to her devotedly. Back in England, he enjoyed the buoyancy of Clough again, and the dogmatic sagacities of Ruskin.

But he could not permanently escape interest in the slavery question. The voice of Abraham Lincoln on the plains of Illinois did eventually echo through his Cambridge woodland. His mind was prepared: he had thought much about social problems—though it must be said in pretty conservative fashion. Slavery, he came to believe, had nothing in it that was not evil. For the slaveholders he had a feeling of magnanimous pity. The institution was more deadly to them than to the slaves. He did not approve John Brown's methods, but he did approve his high desire to arouse the people. Slavery was plunging the whole country toward ruin, and many people of the North were indifferent to what was going on.

He was frail of body. But when the war came he gave himself with fervor to such work as he could do. At first he doubted Lincoln. Why did the people choose him instead of

Seward for the presidency? But the war must go on even if the President did chance to be infirm in character and in language! Public opinion, almost hopelessly unstable in parts of the North, must be stiffened up. Through the Loyal Publication Society—a forerunner of the newspaper syndicate—he and some friends distributed encouraging broadsides to newspaper editors throughout the North. The cause for which he worked was as high, he believed, as any that men had ever fought for. He must give it support in every way within his modest power.

Once a man gets into a fight, he discovers how interesting a fight may be. He had had the experience of helping early with the *Atlantic Monthly;* and now he became one of the editors (with James Russell Lowell) of the *North American Review.* Here he had larger opportunity to speak for his country. He enjoyed the experience. He was proud of what he was able to do. But the more he gave himself to the enterprise the more he became convinced that such a magazine as the *Review* was insufficient as a journal of opinion. So just as the war was coming to an end he helped to found the *Nation*—and he was proud of that job, too.

Then he had to give attention to the wrongheadedness of his British friends. Why should they persist in looking upon the North with disfavor? Ruskin, for example, professed to be performing scout duty for the entire human race; yet he failed even to understand what was going on west of the Atlantic. "The war," he declared, "has put a gulf between all Americans and me so that I do not care to hear what they think or tell them what I think on any matter." Norton's position required both gallantry and fortitude. He never forgot that his correspondents were his friends. But he never failed to let them understand that he was loyal to his country's ideal.

He had become engrossed in enterprises. Yet just when the war was out of the way, just when the first two or three years

after the collapse of the Confederacy had passed with enough semblance of order to hold out hope for a reunited people if everybody worked toward that end, he packed up his family and went with them to Europe to remain the better part of five years. He enjoyed the company of Dickens—whom he had helped to welcome in America—the company of Darwin, George Eliot and G. H. Lewes, John Stuart Mill, the Burne-Joneses, Matthew Arnold, Leslie Stephen, Ruskin, William Morris, Carlyle. "Yesterday," he wrote to G. W. Curtis concerning the pleasure of such friendships, "it was Leslie Stephen, the day before Frederic Harrison, the day before Carlyle, another day Morley, another Ruskin, another Burne-Jones, another Morris."

He seemed not to be at ease without the friendship of important men. Some of his American associates became pleasantly caustic about the matter. Did he not display his British friendships a little more than was required by the mere enjoyment of them? Possibly. Yet no one could deny that he valued them for what they were. He could speak admiringly; he could also speak honestly. In G. H. Lewes he found something which "reminds you of vulgarity." Ruskin he once summarized as "a kind of angel gone astray; meant for the thirteenth century, he got delayed on the way, and when he finally arrived was a white-winged anachronism." Of his numerous walks with Carlyle he wrote with affection, first of all, but also with penetration and shrewdness.

So the joy of spiritual self-indulgence had got the better of him, after all! So he was going to be an expatriate the rest of his days! To his American friends it so seemed. It might well have seemed so to his European friends. They liked him. At his best he was as nearly irresistible as any friend one might expect to meet. In the course of these years—darkened for him by the death of his wife—he had come to be a part of England,

an expected figure on the landscape. All heated patriotism aside, there would have been logic in his remaining where he could enjoy friendships not to be had in his own country. Yet once again the inclination to get into things became dominant. He had seen much of the beautiful in the world; he appreciated the sustenance it may afford the human spirit; and he felt that his own country too little understood it as an element in civilization. Here was an idea to promote. But whether the best way to promote it was by living quietly as an example or by active dissemination, he had been much in doubt. Eventually he decided in favor of active dissemination. In this decision he was led by the gods into a destiny of great usefulness and great unhappiness. For he was to re-enter America just when the country was beginning to exhibit the carelessness, the mental degeneracy, the uglification, that marked the last two or three decades of the century.

He declared war. He would assail the ugly wherever he found it. And for his sharp eyes, finding it was almost the easiest thing in the world. His venerable alma mater, where he was prevailed upon to accept the first professorship in the fine arts, destroyed his peace of mind by its ugliness. The buildings that the university had recently erected were perfect expressions of the national apathy. He thought their presence a crime against the highest human nature. They would exert a degenerate influence on youth as long as brick and mortar would hold together. Whenever he heard that a new hall was to be built, he cried aloud in fearful anticipation. He begged the university not to be hasty in accepting architectural plans. He watched daily to catch a suggestion of what the lines would be. And when he could no longer keep from seeing that another ugly building had been added, he grew sick at heart.

His face was capable of two very distinct expressions: of warmth and something that could only be called sweetness, when he was in the heart of some intimate, steadying experi-

ence; of abject pessimism when he was annoyed and disappointed. About the university the undergraduates who did not come close to him, but only heard his protests against ugliness, saw much of the second expression. They thought him an oversensitive malcontent. And they invented stories designed to express his groanings. He disliked Appleton Chapel with a hotness that approached enthusiasm. So they told how Charles Eliot Norton died and went to heaven, and how Saint Peter begged him to come right in. But when he stepped inside he was overwhelmed by the brilliance. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" he exclaimed, shading his eyes with his hand. "So overdone! So garish! So Renaissance!" When Saint Peter told him that if he did not like heaven there was only one other place for him, he said he believed he should prefer to go there. And he went. But soon he was back. "Well! Well!" said Saint Peter. "You here again?" "Yes," Norton assured him, "and I think I shall stay. You are over-ornate here, but down there I found I was going to have to put in eternity looking at Appleton Chapel."

His greatest anguish came when it was decided to erect a building for his own large department. This building, he naturally expected, would be as beautiful and as perfectly adapted as it could be made. Was it not to be a house of the fine arts? But his distinguished cousin, who was then president of the university, and certain members of the Corporation, had their own notions of what the building should be, and they erected it over his protests. Despite all that has been said about it, the exterior was not so bad. But it was difficult to use. "Had it been intended as an example of what such a building should not be," he told the Board of Overseers, and the public, "it could hardly be better fitted for the purpose." He declared he would never lecture in it—though he did. He did not wish to be seen in front of it. And he bewailed its mere presence with such eloquence that some undergraduate was moved to paint on the smooth limestone surface of it, NORTON'S PRIDE.

He did not live to see the birth of the new architectural conscience that has struggled to expression at Harvard—a conscience in no small measure the result of his crusading. So far as he could see at the end of more than a quarter of a century of warfare, "there is, perhaps, not a single University building of the last fifty years, from the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy to the Memorial Hall, and from that to the Harvard Union, which, either by its beauty or by its peculiar fitness of its adaptation to its object, is likely to be held in admiration one or two generations hence."

In another way, too, he wanted the university to help reclaim the best of the human spirit. How the spirit of friendliness might be extended if college men—the cultivated men of the country—would only play together! He became the first chairman of the first Harvard committee on intercollegiate athletic sports. But he had overlooked one slight detail. Some of the young men in Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—not to mention other institutions—were not cultivated. Instead of gentlemen applauding friendly contests, there were mobs of duffers shouting along the side-lines, "Stick his head in the mud!" "Cave in some ribs while he's down!" "Send for the undertaker!" His life did not reach over into the expansive days of the twentieth century when the severance of athletic relations between two universities endangers business partnerships in New York and Chicago. He did, however, live through a period when he suffered popular derision for scrutinizing an intercollegiate football schedule too closely, or inquiring too closely into the academic standing—if any—of men who participated in games.

But his fight for beauty and for comeliness of spirit in Harvard was only one expression of his great desire to educate the majority. All about him he saw an uglification that he wanted to arrest. He believed that the public might be led to see what was going on before their eyes. Streams of clear water were being converted into factory sewers. The sky was becoming

obscured in unnecessary dirt and smoke. The seashore was being cluttered up with every sort of cheapness. The mountainsides were being denuded of their forests by men intent upon immediate profits. Especially did he fear for the future of Niagara Falls. Early he foresaw a time when the Falls would be diverted to all sorts of selfish ends. Would not his foresighted friends help to save the sublime spectacle? Would not politicians help to make the region into some kind of national park? "Why, yes," his friends said, "the Falls ought to be saved. But they will be, won't they?" The politicians said, "Why, man, there's enough water going over Niagara Falls to make power for anybody who would ever want it, without reducing the roar enough to tell the difference." He later saw the region becoming urban, as he had predicted. He saw the Falls steadily diminishing in natural splendor. The fight was lost, he admitted; but he must fight on, simply to save his own soul.

He saw the process of uglification going on in the political world, too. Until the decade of 1920 arrived and established a new record in political degeneracy, the years in which his old age fell were perhaps the most discreditable in his country's history. As editor of the *North American Review*, as one of the founders of the *Nation*, he had developed a sensitive political conscience. So what could he do but become active in political affairs when he saw the country in the hands of bribers, party bosses, political hangers-on? When he saw that half of the degeneracy resulted from incompetent political appointees, he joined in the crusade for civil-service reform. And while this reform was slowly making way, he concerned himself with candidates and elections—from the most important national contest to the most modest in his own ward in his own municipality. It was uphill fighting. Appearance was against him. He looked too much like a gentleman. The professional politicians whose notions of democracy were very inclusive referred to him as "the kid-glove statesman." He sometimes lost his temper

and replied with a hot subtlety which they did not understand. But they never baited him away from the essential business he was about.

His greatest political battles came when he sought to enlist the national government in promoting good will. In all the disappointments that he had suffered, he had not despaired of having his country assume the lead in generous conduct. He had almost despaired when President Cleveland issued his pronunciamento on the case of England versus Venezuela. How could such a chauvinistic display be harmonized with the dignity of a great peace-loving government? Probably he was misled by Godkin, editor of the *Nation,* into a more critical attitude than the circumstances required. Still, look at the incident as he might, he could not see how his country had been exactly a model in international friendliness.

Despair came when he foresaw a war with Spain over Cuba. He believed that the idea of the war had been trumped up by the Republican politicians as a means of getting some glory for the none too glorious national administration. The prospect filled him with rage and shame. People in Cambridge who knew little of his essential spirit asked, "And now what is Old Norton kicking about?" He was ready to tell them. He thought such a war would be no more justifiable than the war against Mexico had been. It was bad in itself and it would be used as an opening to an imperialistic national policy fraught with the constant danger of inducing hatreds against us among other peoples.

Nor did he remain silent when the war came. A patriotic citizen was not obliged to yield up his conscience when his government entered upon a war that he believed unnecessary. He had thought the Civil War inevitable; he had given all that it was possible for him to give toward winning that struggle in behalf of the enslaved. But in the present instance what good was war going to bring that might not be had by friendly

counsel and negotiation? He spoke openly. And when the occasion came, he discussed before the students of Harvard the fundamental duty of a patriot in wartime. He doubted whether the time was at hand when college students should desert their preparation for peaceful leadership and enlist in an army that would certainly be large enough without them.

Newspapers made him out a traitor and a corrupter of youth. Clergymen eager to appear "vital" assailed him in the pulpit. Fellow citizens filled his mail with abusive and threatening missives. Politicians, weary enough already of what they called an old man's idealism, seized upon the incident with religious ardor. So this is the man who has been trying to reveal our deficiencies! This is what you might expect the country to come to if you gave professors of art a chance! Among his distinguished assailants was his college classmate, Senator Hoar, who declared that Norton was a dangerous influence, and that it was time patriots should rise up and make the truth about him known. At least one other politician declared that he deserved to be lynched.

He did not seem to be getting very far. But he had been learning something. He had been learning the same lesson which William James at this very time declared that he had learned: "The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, under-dogs always, till history comes, after they are long dead, and puts them on top." [1] Norton had to accept James's conclusion. So far as mak-

[1] *The Letters of William James.* 1920. *The Atlantic Monthly Press.* By permission.

ing opinion over in any wholesale fashion was concerned, the big world was unmanageably out of hand.

All the while he had worked patiently, loyally with individuals. It had seemed such a slow, futile way toward the majority's salvation. Yet long before he had learned his lesson permanently, he had had intervals of assurance that this influence on individuals was the only thing which counted. So he devoted himself to teaching.

His classes were large. They were large for a variety of reasons. Certain men came to him already interested in the arts. Certain others wanted to be. Certain others wished to know the difference between an Ionic and a Doric capital for social reasons. Still others wandered helplessly in because "it sounded easy." He was not at all averse to having the loafers along with the rest. In fact he one day said: "I should like to see an increase in the number of these idle persons." He hoped they might come face to face with some ideals.

The men in his great noisy classes escaped without enforced labor. It took three hundred men—or four or five hundred—several minutes to get seated. A wag once said that the lecture hour consisted of two parts: getting in and getting out. And when they were seated, what was he going to do about it? Always an explosion was imminent. One day he was unable to bring to class his own copy of a book that he had asked the men to buy and read and bring. So at the beginning of the hour, when the men were in their seats, he asked if someone would be good enough to lend him a book. There was an embarrassing silence; it seemed that there were no books in the room. But at last a shy, boyish student in the front row stepped modestly forward, and handed his book up to the professor. There was great applause. Norton placed the book on his desk and opened it. "And now," he added, his face bright and keen, "if somebody will be good enough to lend

me a paper knife, we shall be ready!" This time the applause was uproarious.

Some of them escaped, too, with nothing more than a hazy impression that the professor was enthusiastic about his subject. One such undergraduate—it is authentic history—began the course by labeling his notebook *Fine Arts 3* with a flourishing scroll. At the end of three meetings, his complete notes consisted of the following:

(1) Greece.
(2) Bully for Greece.
(3) There are no flies on Greece.

But few of them escaped without a strange refinement in their conception of life; few of them failed to discover in themselves an enthusiasm for the beautiful that they had never dreamed they possessed. He cast his sharp, clear gaze over the room and talked with magnetic sublimity about a world that their unseeing eyes had never looked upon. He read Dante with such affectionate reverence that undisciplined youths who customarily spent lecture periods carving initials on classroom furniture slipped away at the end of the hour and bought all of Dante's works. He spoke with such eloquence upon the high function of the imagination in life that men were ashamed to admit how dull and unimaginative their own lives had been.

Nor did he encounter the resistance of the great majority when he received students at Shady Hill. Always some of his most enthusiastic followers were filtering through to the quiet of his study. And until toward the close of his life, when he joined President and Mrs. Eliot at Christmas, all the students who could not go home from the university for the Christmas vacation were invited to Shady Hill for Christmas Eve. He received them with a graciousness that they will contend has never been equaled. After they were all there and he had

learned something about what each one was interested in, he read the Gospel story of the birth of Jesus. He discussed with them all sorts of philosophic and social matters—not always hopefully—and drew them into the conversation. Then they were all guided toward the dining room—he whispered to the young men to see that the ladies (always some "nice Cambridge ladies") were served—where they found such a supper as few of them had ever eaten. For his good taste was not limited to books and pictures. One underclassman from a distant part of the country, eager to express his appreciation of the unexpected New England hospitality, and ignorant of Norton's caustic remarks about the raw parts of the United States, said, when taking leave, "This has been just Western!"

The succor he was constantly giving to individuals would in itself make a sufficient contribution for any man's fourscore years. If a young, disheartened teacher went to him to make confession of his failure, Norton's glowing face was so full of assurance, his calm seemed to be established on something so permanent, that the young man was certain to come away without even mentioning his discouragement, and with a great new resolve in his heart. If a lonely scholar arrived in Cambridge from Georgia or Kansas, Norton was sure to hear his story, to help him gain access to the libraries of Boston, to purchase for him some precious volume or other not available in another way. "Take this with you," he would command with irresistible kindness, and he would press a beautiful volume into the youth's hands. Or when he heard of brave spirits in some village who were trying to develop an interest in good pictures, he would pack up some of his most prized ones and send them off to be kept until all who might wish to see them had had opportunity.

In Ashfield, where he spent his summers, he saw organized industry slowly taking away from the community its independence and energy. Inasmuch as industry, he could see, was

destined to stay, he interested himself in counteractivities to develop initiative. He helped to organize prizes for any kind of ingenuity in children—he published an illuminating leaflet on the subject—from "plain washing and ironing" to collecting pressed flowers, observing plants or wild animals, making drawings or models, or doing work with a jack-knife or some other tool.

In Cambridge, too, he one day made the discovery of some new interesting individuals. Near Shady Hill certain Sisters in the Catholic Church established a hospital for incurables. Early he had believed that there was something sinister in the Catholic Church. Once he wrote half-seriously to a friend that he believed he could roast a Franciscan or stab a Cardinal in the dark! But as he grew into middle life, he embraced freethinking as his religious creed. And as he became more and more an untrammeled freethinker, he became more generous toward the Catholic Church. Possibly his devotion to fine arts had entered into the case. There was a disintegrating ugliness in Protestant churches. The Catholic Church sought to maintain a certain unifying beauty. He felt this difference. A young Catholic woman said he was the only non-Catholic she had ever known who seemed to understand the Catholic religion. In any event, these Sisters were helping to make life tolerable for the unfortunate; and that was a part of his creed as a freethinker. So he mastered every detail of the enterprise, and became their counselor. He also went regularly on Sunday afternoon and read to the incurables so that the long wearisome period was converted into one of beauty and fugitive peace. The drama of a divided Christian church never developed a more ironic subplot of tolerance, good feeling, and affection than in the devotion of this man to his Catholic hospital, and the devotion of its founders to this non-Catholic, freethinking benefactor. "If you had done nothing else in your long and useful life," wrote the Secretary of the Hos-

pital Aid Society, "there would be sufficient cause at this time for the angel of life to 'write you as one who loves his fellow-man.' "

Nor did he need to trouble himself about the resistance of the majority either, when he labored in his own study. In this seclusion he found the world at its best. One of his disciples who occasionally caught glimpses of him at his desk was so impressed by the dignity, the beauty, and the essential importance of the scene that he said, "I would have given anything I possessed just to be that little dog of his in there, that had the liberty of the study with him." He spent years making his translation of the *Divina Commedia.* He spent other years making corrections which the less discriminating would have regarded as inconsequential. He also translated Dante's *Vita Nuova.* He edited the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson; the early letters of Carlyle; the correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle; the *Reminiscences* of Carlyle; the Heart of Oak Books; the letters of James Russell Lowell; the poems of John Donne, and of Anne Bradstreet; the letters he himself had received from Ruskin. He wrote on *The Poet Gray as a Naturalist;* on the lives of his friends, James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, and Francis James Child; on the Cathedral at Chartres; on Rudyard Kipling—whom he early thought important; and on a few dozen other matters. Saturday nights, early mornings, odd hours of all sorts snatched from crowded days, he turned to literary use.

Thus he grew into the Charles Eliot Norton of the turn of the century—the stooped man with the side whiskers and the sharp, glancing eyes; the "Old Norton" of whom everyone spoke and of whom most younger men spoke affectionately. These younger men wanted to know, now that he had been through it all, what philosophy he had formulated. He was not unwilling to tell them. He had found two things that sustained

him. The first of these was courage. He had hoped America would see the need of spiritual refining. He had dreamed about the country continually. Yet the great majority had laughed at his dreams and made sharp jokes about the dreamer. For him it had been no joking matter. Like the immortal Knight of Folly, he had "too great a soul to make jokes. He was laughed at for his seriousness." Naturally he had to have courage—courage to face ridicule. But this was not all. An ugliness of temper was developing in the world—and in his own country along with the rest—that he was sure would sooner or later culminate in the greatest orgy of hatred that mankind had ever known. He did not live to see it come, but he saw with terrifying certainty that its coming could not be put off. It was not easy to live trivially when one saw a great evil day bearing down upon one's fellows. One must have courage. And there was yet another reason. The tenets of the professed religious faiths had ceased to have meaning for him. In truth, he had come to doubt even the least personal sort of immortality. And when everything is reduced to a few feverish seasons upon an indifferent earth, is not man then great according to the courage he commands? One must have courage.

In addition to courage there was the love of a few understanding friends. He was always ready to discuss the support that friendship afforded. He counseled the young to make friendships among the elderly lest they become enmeshed in their own unwisdom. He counseled the middle-aged to make friendships among the young, lest they grow old and their old friends die and leave them solitary. Courage, that other requisite, was easy if there were a few bright spirits to guarantee one against pessimism.

In a mellowed regality which comes only with having enjoyed and having suffered much, he lived into an old age that he confessed did not hurt as much as he had thought it might. He served his university—circumspectly. He read scores of

manuscripts for anxious young authors and anxious old ones. He lent his name to causes he deemed good. He heard the raving of politicians and smiled to think that they were no more potent than he. He chatted tranquilly, the youthful glow flitting across his face, with disciples who hurried to Shady Hill as soon as they arrived in Cambridge. He hired boys to gather bushels of acorns for the gray squirrels of Cambridge, hard pressed by urban civilization. And he read to his beloved incurables in the Holy Ghost Hospital. From his piazza he saw Cambridge steadily closing in around his woodland. But for his own time, all would be secure. He could still bend over his growing tulips, or watch the thrushes in the fastnesses of his wild roses, or study as much as he liked the habits of the night herons that chose to rest for a time in the tall pines below his dooryard.

8. *Waybreaker in Drama*

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER stands as a complete instance of the way a serious man's life may enter into a specific humanizing institution and quicken it and increase its reach until he comes to be accepted history.

Nature could not have done better in the making of a man to champion the theatre arts. He looked every inch the part of a distinguished tragic actor. Perhaps he was not any actor that one could name, though some said Booth. But when he came briskly into his Harvard classroom with his eyes modestly not looking toward anybody in particular, and took his place at his desk and began to arrange his materials from his green bookbag, some total of his pleasantly serious face and spare lips, his dark hair smoothly parted in the middle, and the flowing ribbon on his eyeglasses suggested that he must have just come from rehearsing in a very important play. Strangely enough, when he did attempt a part, he did not seem so much the tragic actor as when he was not acting; he was too evidently the serious George Pierce Baker. But whatever the circumstances, one could not be in his presence for ten minutes without being aware that he was a man whose great passion, whose life, was the living theatre.

He had to sit back a little from his desk, from any lecture notes that he might have before him, and assure us that the theatre had not died with Shakespeare. Dramatists kept coming

on. Sometimes he had to stand up at the end of the desk and read to us from Henry Arthur Jones's *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, or Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* or *The Princess and the Butterfly*, or Bernard Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*—it was then "Mr. George Bernard Shaw" —and consider what these men were trying to do, and whether or not they had succeeded. The chief thing for us to remember was that here were writers at the very moment trying to say something through the drama.

It is not easy to see how great an innovation he was making. For at the turn of the century it was not quite respectable in academic communities to let oneself think of a writer who still walked the earth as an "author" who might be writing "literature" or "drama." Courses in English—one need only to look at old catalogues and see—ended abruptly with "the death of Tennyson." For years in the nineties the Radcliffe College girls petitioned annually for courses that dealt with living authors. They declared that college helped them to feel a little at home in every world except their own.

And here was a man who not only offered a course in which he dealt with living dramatists, but declared that universities ought to offer courses in the writing of plays. This was more of a jolt to the academic world—or the part of it that bothered to note what he said—than the study of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* had been. But he had been trying out the idea with an unofficial little group known as Baker's Dozen, who very quietly —almost surreptitiously—wrote away at plays as they had time until he felt sure of his ground.

So he made his open declaration. The American theatre seemed unable to provide itself with a body of competent playwrights; it was complaining about a waning supply of well-grounded young actors; and it was beginning to point out the mounting difficulties of maintaining the theatre on the road. Why should not institutions of learning give aid to the

extent of providing a new source of somewhat disciplined vitality? For the drama was nothing trivial; it was established deep in the human spirit. It vivified and enlarged life by revealing life's heights and depths and forgotten joys and unnoticed tragedies and amusing peccadilloes and fantastic dreamings. How could anyone interested in the humane tradition say that the making of drama—good drama—did not fall within the scope of a university's legitimate concern?

Harvard at first withheld permission for such a course as he proposed. But Radcliffe College invited him (1903) to give it over there, and then after a year or two Harvard authorized him to proceed with it in the Yard.

Now he had the wide horizon that he required. Earlier, in developing new kinds of courses in argumentation and the history of the drama, he had known something of the waybreaker's experience. That, however, was but premonitory. Now he knew that he was where he belonged, and where he meant to stay. He could see with a clairvoyant's confidence how what he planned to do in the writing of plays might someday reach far and be in fact an influence in the American theatre and, in consequence, in American artistic and social life. So he worked ahead day and night, exploringly, happily, enthusiastically.

Almost immediately one of his students wrote a play that had a deserved and fortunate success—fortunate for the professor as well as for the student. For Edward Sheldon's *Salvation Nell* enlisted the genius of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, and the theatrical world suddenly knew that somebody at Harvard University was offering a course in playwriting.

Quickly also Professor Baker himself had news of what he was doing. The young were excited; here was a new world in which to do great things. Their elders, well grooved in their notions, found in the fact that an acceptable play had been written in a college course a phenomenon almost beyond hope

of explanation. Yet they did not hesitate to try. The play was not much good; it was only the brilliant Mrs. Fiske who had given it the appearance of success. The play simply could not have been written "just as a college theme." The professor had written the play himself. In order to make everything fit into their logic, certain persons for years after Edward Sheldon became famous very neatly refrained from any mention of the fact that he had once worked with Professor Baker. Others generously said that it was true that the play had been written under Professor Baker's guidance, but that it had been a fluke, and nothing further need be expected. Some of the Harvard faculty dismissed the whole matter as "pretty small potatoes" for an institution devoted to higher learning.

Professor Baker heard, too, from the press—for several years he heard from the press. Generously, he gave time for interviews. What he was attempting, he knew well enough, was something that lent itself to easy misrepresentation. He was careful; he went into great detail to show how he was not trying to develop genius that did not exist, and how he had no formula, but was trying to shorten and clear the way for the potential playwright who had an idea in his head. He begged reporters to publish only what he had actually said, and in its context. But since too frequently they were out to write a story with plenty of scream in it about this "Ha'va'd professor," instead of trying to understand subtle nuances in the making of a play, he sometimes had to suffer the agony of reading that he had said things which no one could have induced him to say under threat of death.

He was not happy when he knew that he was misunderstood. And he was a good crusader. So from time to time he took to the road. He spoke all over the East and as far westward as Indiana and Illinois on "The Drama as a Social Force," and incidentally let his audiences know what he was trying

to do in his course in playwriting. He said: " 'The dramatist is born, not made.' This common saying grants the dramatist at least one experience of other artists, namely, birth, but seeks to deny him the instruction in art granted the architect, the painter, the sculptor, the musician." [1] Very graciously he told them that he was only seeking in a modest way to give a few young playwrights the important second half of the complete artistic experience.

When he stood before an audience to tell them of the possibilities of the theatre, he delighted them with his very evident respect for them, his charm of manner, his enriched acquaintance with the whole field of the drama. He was full of bright asides, but always they expressed the humor of a man who was on a serious mission. In a small college town in Indiana where he was the first known person ever to speak to a public gathering in behalf of the theatre, a Civil War veteran much occupied with banking said: "I had never thought much about the theatre, but after I heard what he had to say I felt as if I ought to close up the bank and join forces with him."

All the while, the gloomy predictions concerning the road theatres were coming true. Towns in Ohio or Wisconsin that had counted on Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan, for instance, or Viola Allen, or two or three other stars of some brilliancy each season, were being left wholly without drama of any substantial kind. It was not yet evident that the screen was to play such an important role in these towns, but it was evident that some kind of shift was taking place.

Professor Baker saw in all this a greater importance for the university and college theatre. Community dramatic clubs and little theatres and all such adult enterprises might spring up and pass through strange evolutions and slumps and deaths—and they did—but at the colleges there would always be a steady

[1] *Dramatic Technique.* 1919. Houghton Mifflin Company. By permission.

stream of young life arriving to make possible year after year all necessary experimenting in the interest of better plays, better producing and acting, and better audiences.

He decided that he must add to his courses in playwriting until he had a complete experimental laboratory in the drama. The final test of any play was on the stage. But he had no theatre. Worse still, official Harvard seemed to have no interest whatever in providing him with one. Eventually he and his students were using Lower Massachusetts Hall—the gaunt first floor of Harvard's oldest building that sightseers always came to look at—for designing and painting sets, reading plays, holding preliminary rehearsals, and talking things over. In an office in one corner he carried on a heavy correspondence and held conferences with men and women—including the usual percentage of pachyderm cranks—who came from everywhere to seek his counsel. When a play was about ready for production everything had to be moved up the street to the very inadequate auditorium in Agassiz House, Radcliffe College. It was an awkward, time-consuming arrangement, but there was no choice.

He went to Germany, to France, to England, to Ireland, to learn as much as possible about anything that had evolved in stage construction, in lighting, in the relation of the players to the audience and of the theatre to the community. And how could his Workshop in the drama be kept going when there was no available money for its support? Lady Gregory in her *Journals* quotes a note from him in which he told her that had it not been for his knowledge of what the Abbey Theatre had been able to do with so little, the 47 Workshop might not have existed at all.

All the while his students were contributing very directly to the theatre as it was. Edward Sheldon's first play had not been a fluke; he was now a figure that the American theatre and the human species might well be proud of. Frederick Ballard came

along, too, with *Believe Me, Xantippe*, and George Abbott with a head full of ideas, and Cleves Kinkead with *Common Clay*. One day, too, Eugene O'Neill came to town to learn what he could in the Workshop, and soon was giving the American theatre such a stirring as it had never before known. Since he was most appreciative of what Professor Baker was doing, he added numerously to the body of Americans who were aware of the Workshop. And then came S. N. Behrman and Sidney Howard—Sidney Howard who wrote in one of his prefaces many years later: "I went to school, once upon a time, to George Pierce Baker, at Harvard, in the 47 Workshop, and learned from him what little I have ever learned about the craft of writing plays." [1]

There was a nationwide demand for the places in the Workshop. Colleges were asking for Professor Baker's students to teach drama, and these in turn were sending out their students to teach in high schools, and spreading the news farther and farther. Professional producers had become more and more appreciative. It was time for him to have a halfway usable theatre in which to carry on his work.

He knew the kind of theatre he could use to great advantage. But it was not forthcoming. The dramatic awakening that had spread so far had not reached the Harvard Corporation.

Thus he came into the first half of what was to be the great ironic chapter of his life.

Because of his wider recognition he was a busy man. On every hand he was besought by somebody. Could he create and produce a great pageant—and he did—in celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing at Plymouth—since he had already done other important pageants? Could he read the manuscript of a play written by a woman in London who had read in the British newspapers about his work? Could he

[1] *Lucky Sam McCarver*. 1925. Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission.

come to New York and act as toastmaster at a very distinguished dinner in honor of David Belasco, since Mr. Belasco had said that Mr. Baker knew the theatre better than anyone else in America, and that he would feel specially honored if Mr. Baker could accept? Could he write an article on stage lighting in Germany for the *Boston Transcript?* Could he come to Saint Louis and lecture for two hundred dollars, and when? Could he find time for a conference with a boy who undoubtedly was close on the heels of William Shakespeare? Could he find two tickets—since nobody else could—for the forthcoming production of Philip Barry's *A Punch for Judy?* Could he not bring his Workshop players to Worcester—or somewhere else—for a few performances?

Within the Workshop, too, there was a bulge of new life. It is always unfair to single out a few when all the members of a group deserve mention, but no one could deny the vitality of such students as Philip Barry, John Mason Brown, Donald Oenslager, Thomas Wolfe, Dorothy Kuhns Heyward. Lower Massachusetts was busy all day long and often into the night past midnight. In this period "G. P."—or "G. P. B."—worked with such energy that he exhausted anyone who tried to keep up with him. He read plays, decided which ones were to be produced, cast the parts, coached the rehearsals, and when the leading lady fell ill the night before the show, or the whole cast suddenly seemed to forget everything they had ever known about a play or a performance, he was grave but usually patient beyond words, and made the best of a bad situation. Once—at least once—he threatened to walk out on them and let them shift for themselves. But usually he got everything done through patience and the irresistible charm of a personality that had a deep respect for other personalities.

In his criticism of plays and playwrights he was always very honest. He could not fail to see that the gigantic young Thomas Wolfe was a genius of some kind. But genius alone

would not make him a playwright. He enjoyed too much the experience of letting himself go, of pouring himself out unrestrainedly. The Workshop office was presided over by a young woman of great understanding and enthusiasm, and when the weather was warm and the window by her desk was up, Thomas Wolfe would stand outside—his stature enabled him to do so—and pour into her ears whatever was on his mind. And always he was thinking about something interesting. Much later, when *Of Time and the River* was published, she said, "Why, I got all of that long ago by word of mouth through the office window." Eventually the director of the Workshop told him that nature had not designed him to be a playwright, and advised him—very wisely—to be a novelist, since a novel can have as much spread as readers will stand, and a play, after all, must be kept within the limits of one evening. "Your gift is not selection, but profusion."

There was something pleasantly feverish in the Workshop atmosphere of those years. The experienced director somehow had more enthusiasm for what his students were doing than they themselves had—though at times they had much. "He helped us to hope," said Eugene O'Neill in his deep gratitude, and summarized the whole spirit of the Workshop. Students learned how to come out of disappointment. "Now," Professor Baker said to the young woman who had traveled far to bring him the manuscript of a play that was not good, and that he dropped into the wastebasket with a bit of formality, "now we are ready for a fresh start." They could always count on that; so they worked ahead. "We would have worked our eyes out for him, for he was always working his eyes out for us." To one who had been interested in the enterprise since its beginning, and who now had to stop and linger daily where the work was going on, here was activity that in truth must be called creative. It grew; it reached out; it went on multiplying itself in minds all over the country.

Yet Professor Baker was obliged to struggle along without anything that approached adequate facilities. Each year he had to raise money to carry on the play production, and then produce the plays in a "theatre" that was not a theatre at all. There were community high schools in remote places, in the sparsely settled parts of the country, that had incomparably better theatres to work in than he had in the oldest university in the United States.

When he once again approached President Lowell about the matter, he was told that no funds were available for such purposes. When he offered to raise the money himself if the Harvard Corporation would permit him to do so, President Lowell asked him to submit the names of possible donors so that the Corporation could feel sure that he would not be approaching potential donors already in mind for other projects.

At one time it seemed as if a Harvard Theatre might be included in the drive for a new Graduate School of Business Administration—since the Business School had revealed interest in motion pictures. But eventually it was decided—by somebody—that anything so lightweight as a theatre did not belong in the campaign. Professor Baker received the amazing news that one member of the Corporation had said that the inclusion of the appeal for a Harvard Theatre would kill the whole project.

President Lowell explained—to me one morning—that the Corporation believed the enthusiasm for the drama at Harvard might be chiefly enthusiasm for Professor Baker, who was due to retire in less than ten years. If the Corporation put six or seven hundred thousand dollars into a Harvard Theatre, who knew but that the University might be left with such another white elephant on its hands as Memorial Hall?

He insisted that there had been no personal animosity in the case, although he imagined Professor Baker's friends were saying so. And they were, after they learned that Massachusetts

Hall was to be made fireproof—there had been a fire—and restored to its early use as a dormitory, without providing for Professor Baker's Workshop.

The situation, then, had come to be this: Countless people over the United States looked with deep appreciation to Harvard as a source of light in the field of the drama, and the man who had created the light was left without facilities for carrying on his work.

While an atmosphere of suspense and near-explosion hovered over Cambridge, a graduate of Yale who was a heavy donor to the institution and was thinking of building a Yale Theatre came with a member of the Yale Corporation to study the vast things Harvard had done in the drama, and to get useful suggestions. Since Professor Baker now had nothing to work with at Harvard, they rightly judged that the assurance of everything to work with at Yale would bring him to New Haven. And one day in the autumn of 1924 the *New York Times* carried the news.

Thus he entered the second half of the great ironic chapter in his brilliantly useful life.

It was not that he was unwelcome at New Haven. The Yale official attitude was "generous and cordially appreciative." In the faculty there were spots of emotional resistance—as when one well-known teacher at Yale accompanied an out-of-town friend to the entrance of the theatre and then explained that he meant never to cross the threshold. And men of football mind asked a bit petulantly if Yale could not find a director for the new theatre without going to Harvard for him—to which certain Harvard men replied, "Of course not!" These schoolboy tauntings, however, were not understood by anyone as meaning that Professor Baker was not well received at Yale.

Nevertheless, he was sacrificing much. Cambridge was home. He would soon be sixty, and no man of that age uproots him-

self from where he has spent his working life and brought up his family, and where he and his wife have endeared themselves to their neighbors, and transplants himself somewhere else for a new start without experiencing a certain spiritual dislocation. Specifically, too, he was leaving behind his Cambridge Workshop audience, who constituted a kind of sympathetic, stimulating atmosphere in which he and his students could work and feel the rebound of collaboration. An audience of that kind cannot be developed in a day—anywhere. When he received President Lowell's telegram accepting his resignation, he knew well enough how much he was giving up, and had to turn away to read.

But handicaps were no novelty to him, and soon he was as busily at work as ever—in his brand-new environment. When he made up his staff of helpers he was able to draw upon former students who knew his aims and practices. Some of his students at Harvard and Radcliffe became his students at Yale. In a few years people over the United States learned to say "Professor Baker of Yale" instead of "Professor Baker of Harvard." In a few years, too, he was well settled in at Yale, his Workshop audience was developing, and his students were going out from Yale to make their contribution, very much as they had gone out from Harvard.

By the time he was forced by a serious malady to retire after eight years at Yale, it was becoming easy to see specifically how his influence had touched American life. The *Theatre Arts Monthly* published two maps of the United States that showed just where his former students in two universities were now at work. The playwrights, the actors, the stage designers, the believers in the repertory theatre, the believers in the little theatre, the believers in a portable country theatre, the teachers in charge of college dramatic workshops, were numerous enough and active enough to constitute a satisfying life record for any man.

His most immediate, most obvious contribution was to the theatre as it existed. His students who became playwrights were a substantial company, and their names were much in the air. Certain others who did not turn to the writing of plays sought nevertheless to quicken or perfect the existing theatre from within—men and women represented by Donald Oenslager, John Mason Brown, Maurice Wertheim, Theresa Helburn. Broadway producers in the end almost forgot that they had ever spoken disdainfully about "The Professor." For now they were much occupied with producing plays that "The Professor's" students had written. And often they turned to "The Professor" for counsel. When Sidney Howard reported Professor Baker one night on Broadway in dress clothes with a shovel on his shoulder after one of Philip Barry's plays had closed—the shovel was one of the properties—he recorded what had come to be very true: Professor Baker was a familiar and accepted figure on Broadway. He had brought to the commercial theatre a gust of life.

Yet it is just possible that his students who went out and became teachers may in the end carry his influence to the more basic depths—the great body of men and women represented by Frederick Koch, who through his Carolina Playmakers awakened the South and the entire country so thoroughly to the potentialities of folk drama that one critic in New York declared he was "probably doing more to develop an American drama than all the producers and importers in this city"; or Allen Crafton, who in the Prairie Playhouse—an abandoned saloon in Galesburg, Illinois—and in the University of Kansas Theatre set a new standard in amateur dramatic interpretation, and provided a source of supply for both professional producers and institutions in search of teachers.

Professor Baker became a kind of grand old man in American drama. In New York when he could still go about a little he appeared one evening where many of his former students

had gathered together in happy remembrance of one of his intimate friends. There was a flutter of admiration when he came in—his face touched by a smile, his eyes bright, his hair gray but as smoothly parted as ever, his flowing eyeglass ribbon looking just as it always had.

When he had very graciously said good night, they had to talk him over. Someone said, "The way he always treated us as if we were somebodies about to do something important!" "Yes, and do you suppose there ever was another man so completely devoted to the theatre?" And someone whose thought ran far afield said: "A man out West was showing me his perfectly swell new theatre and remarked, 'I never worked with George Pierce Baker, but there's a good deal of him in this building you're looking at.' "

That was how it was. That was how he had entered unobtrusively into the life of his time until he became history.

9. *A Modest Man*

DEAN LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS became a person of interest to me the moment I first saw him. I had straggled into Harvard from a small college in the Middle West. While I sat outside the Dean's office waiting my turn to see what he was like and to ask permission to take his course in writing, one of the students ahead of me left the door slightly ajar when he entered. Through the wide crack I could see directly to the desk in the opposite corner of the office. A tallish man of forty-five or fifty stood beside the student and looked with cheerful, intent face at a long list of some kind which he was holding very awkwardly in one hand. His neutral-colored hair was much kicked up, he had cut himself very noticeably in front of his ear when he had shaved that morning, and his eyeglasses were on the point of toppling head foremost over the end of his nose.

When at last I had opportunity to go in and tell him why I was there, he listened patiently, though with a show of nervous tingling, and then said with great kindliness and faltering, as if his words caused him pain, "I hate to tell you, but I cannot possibly take another man. I ought not to have taken the last one, but he seemed to think I had half promised him a place; so I added his name. But I must not add another. I'm afraid I'll never be able to read all the themes, as it is."

He saw how great my disappointment was, and as I turned

away he offered a consoling word: "If you should be here tomorrow morning quite early and anybody has dropped out, perhaps I might give you the place—though I ought not to give it to anyone."

I was at University Hall an hour before the offices were supposed to be open. But the outer doors were unlocked, and I slipped in, climbed the granite stairs, and took my place in the chair nearest the Dean's door, so that nobody could possibly get ahead of me. After I had sat there in the quiet for fifteen or twenty minutes, I was startled by what seemed to be a movement in the office. I listened, got up from my chair, listened again, heard nothing, and then, in order to make sure, knocked with relaxed knuckles.

"Come!" the cheerful voice of the day before called.

I pushed the door open hesitantly. He stumbled up from his chair, hooking his glasses off on his thumb as he did so, and met me halfway across the room. His smile as he spoke was very friendly, but touched with shrewdness: "You did come early, didn't you?" Then he seemed to think it necessary to explain his own early presence. "I like to get down here and work awhile at my desk before the rush comes."

He picked up his class list and scanned it as though he were really not seeing it. "But are you quite sure you want the course?"

I was sure enough. If he had told me that he had decided to offer the course in Vedic Sanskrit, I could have found reasons for thinking Sanskrit necessary to an interpretation of twentieth-century America. "Oh, yes, I want the course."

He looked at the list again. "Very well, then. A man telephoned late yesterday evening that I need not count on him."

He first revealed an interest in what I was trying to do when I one day wrote a short theme in which I bewailed the fact that the preliminary requirements for graduate study in modern English at Harvard were so many that by the time a man

ing of the ordinary college-office first-aid attitude in his friendship, and I believe he saw that my devotion to him was not wholly gratitude for his having helped me out of a tight place. At any rate, he quite casually encouraged me to spend time with him when I could not understand how he could have free time for anybody. Sometimes he invited me to walk homeward with him at the end of the day, and induced me to talk while he swung along in weary content with his green bookbag over his shoulder and his crushed brown hat pushed back ever so slightly. He invited me to drink Matzoon with him—a pungent substantial soda-foundation beverage that to me always tasted like Walt Whitman's poetry. He hustled me over to "Jimmie's" with him for hasty "perpendicular" lunches. He told me stories about President Eliot, for whom he had an admiration that would have been reverence had he not possessed quite such a ranging eye for comedy. He told me stories about other Boston celebrities, about Plymouth farmers, about students—mentioned anonymously—who had written this or that astounding specimen of English. He made incidental mention of John Donne, Lovelace, George Herbert, Crashaw, Herrick, Waller, and many another poet with whom I had little or no acquaintance. He confessed to me that while he was not able to share my enthusiasm for the whole of Walt Whitman, he had never been able to finish reading "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed" and especially "O Captain! My Captain!" with dry

eyes. He made sly, humorous comments on athletics, on coeducation, on practices in university administration, and was certain that the country would greatly profit if all educators in high place should spend more time reading "Mr. Dooley."

Through the fifteen years immediately after I left Cambridge, he remained not only my greatest friend, but my surest proof that not all of life is futile. I heard from him rather frequently, and at least every other summer I made my way back to Cambridge at Commencement time to see him. I tried never to be bothersome, and I do not believe he thought me so. He could not fail to be aware of my chief single reason for being back, and simply absorbed me into whatever he was doing, without letting my presence disturb him. Sometimes when he sat in the vast Faculty Room—usually with one foot tucked under him—signing piles of diplomas and at the same time asking me what I knew about this or that man of my generation, or telling with quiet mirth what the watchful ladies of Cambridge had most recently proposed that he do in the interest of morality or less exhausting athletic sports, I often wondered if he did not sometimes put his name in the wrong place, or sign it twice on the same diploma. But I never heard of instances. Capacity to absorb people or things into the current of whatever he happened to be doing was his one great natural equipment that made up somewhat for his utter lack of the labor-saving instinct. It came about, then, that I was with him on all sorts of occasions, and at all sorts of times when he was engaged in such nonacademic enterprises as doctoring sick dogs, carrying flowers to people who needed flowers, buying meat—as if it were a religious rite—proving to grocerymen that they were trying to collect a bill he had already paid, looking over attractive horses hitched along the street to see if they were sound, trying to secure employment for colored servant girls, or packing up to go to the country.

Yet it was not until I was more or less by accident back in

Harvard as a teacher that I began to think of writing about him. Before, he had been only an incomparable friend. But when I had full opportunity to see him day after day in his later years as he rushed up and down the stairs of University Hall, counseled with men about all sorts of troublesome matters, fought for decent athletic sports, kept a lingering eye on Radcliffe College, pleaded for open-mindedness, writhed in suffering because of the hatreds and prejudices the World War had left in men, and yet was able to command unlimited resources in cheerfulness and serenity, he came to be for me a kind of beloved phenomenon.

My great fear was that he would modestly refuse to be written about. That matter had to be cleared up first of all. We both had classes on Tuesday and Thursday at two o'clock, and since he was usually ready for relaxation after working from early morning until three in the afternoon, and since our classrooms were not far apart, we often spent a quiet half hour together, and sometimes continued our discussions on the way home, although he more frequently went back to his office for another turn there. While he lounged against a conference table, or stretched full length upon it—he said he liked the feel of a hard table, or the floor, against his shoulders when he was tired—or hung by his knees and his elbows back over the long straight radiator across the bow window in his room, we discussed everything from world chauvinism to the most personal dreams and disappointments. Yet I never felt that I dared mention anything so hazardous to our intimacy as the proposed book.

All winter I waited. Then late one day in the early spring after I had passed him as he talked with a colleague in front of the Law School, he overtook me and we crossed Cambridge Common together. He looked worn, and as we walked along he told me about a harrowing problem that had arisen in his office. It had kept him from sleeping, despite the fact

that he felt sure of his ground and saw ahead clearly. I am still quite unable to say why the circumstances seemed auspicious, but before we reached the corner of Brattle Street and Ash where he lived, I felt that I could make some direct mention of what I had in mind.

As we lingered on the street corner—we were already discussing matters far from serious—I said to him: "Before I go, I should like to ask you a question. In twenty years, you know, I have asked you some pretty stiff ones. But this time I expect to bowl you over."

He laughed, leaned against the one-way sign at the edge of the sidewalk with his green bookbag across his shoulder as if he were a target, and commanded: "All right, fire away."

I told him that I wished to write his biography and that I meant to do so unless the idea were so utterly distasteful to him that he forbade me to proceed.

"But," he protested, "you write books about celebrities, and I am not one."

"You know I studied law once for a couple of years," I countered, "and I feel ready to argue before the court that you are not a competent witness on that point."

He went into detail. He could not understand why people were disposed to magnify what he had done. Harvard men insisted on honoring him for doing his simplest duty. And now that he had retired from the presidency of Radcliffe, they were doing much the same thing over there. It was nothing short of inappropriate. Suddenly he broke off with a question which, try as he might, he could not quite take seriously himself: "You didn't have anything to do with naming this new Radcliffe building for me, did you?"

Before I knew it, the conversation had got completely out of hand and he was telling me a story about Mrs. Agassiz.

"Won't you come in and have a cup of tea?" he asked as he moved to go toward the house.

"But you are getting away from the subject," I insisted.

He glanced straight at me with a half-fearful smile playing over his face and said: "I am sure you do not expect me to give my approval. But you are a free moral agent, and, of course, you can do as you like."

He moved again to go. "But are you sure you can't come in and have a cup of tea?"

I pleaded the necessity of getting home. I did not want him now to grow panicky over my presence. But before I left him I sought hurriedly to fortify him against dangerous afterthoughts: "You see, I possess such quantities of material already that I shall not need to bother you for much. You mustn't think every time you see me coming in your direction that I am out for copy!"

"No, for I do want to have a few unembarrassed conversations with you yet before I die."

"But I may have to come to you for certain information about your father, since you are the only person who possesses it."

"All right. I'll tell you as much as you wish about him. I can talk about him without any trouble whatever."

Two or three weeks later I stopped at the house to see Mrs. Briggs.

"Has Mr. Briggs said anything to you about a project of mine?" I inquired.

"No," she answered. "What is it?"

I told her, and explained that I might have to come to her for photographs and other strictly family materials. When I was ready to go she asked: "Now, shall I speak to him and let him know that you have come to me, or shall I wait to see if he mentions the matter himself?"

I left everything to her wisdom.

Weeks later she told me that one day when she and the

Dean were alone together—in the country, I believe—he asked shyly: "Do you know that Mr. Brown is going to write a book about me?"

"Is that so?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. And there the conversation ended.

In the autumn I went to the house one rainy Sunday to go over some early photographs with Mrs. Briggs. The Dean heard familiar voices and came downstairs.

"Hello, there!" he called as he entered the room, quite unaware of what we were doing. When he saw the pile of photographs in Mrs. Briggs's lap he said in a smiling effort to throw off his confusion: "I see where I've got to take a trip to Europe, if my wife is going into this conspiracy, too."

"Good!" Mrs. Briggs exclaimed quite casually. "I'd like to go to Europe myself—after I've found the photograph I am looking for here."

He retreated uncertainly toward the dining room and then toward the kitchen.

The next morning I met him in the College Yard. What he wished to know at once was whether I had time to go up to his office and see a letter he had received about a young man whom we both knew.

When I was ready to leave, he came to the doorway, stepped two thirds of the way out, reached back and hooked one foot round the edge of the door to hold it close against him, and then said very seriously in a lowered voice: "I am sure you know that I am not unmindful of what you are doing—though I do think you are on the wrong track—but I live in constant dread that somebody will imagine I 'inspired' you to write this book, or will suspect that I have collaborated with you."

I told him that he was the only man on the face of the earth who would ever entertain these possibilities.

Some days later when I met him as I crossed the Yard, he asked somewhat fearfully, "You were not coming up to—"

"No, not at all," I assured him. "You must not let yourself believe that just because I am busy with this book I have come to regard you as a field of research."

A sly twinkle displaced the half-fear which his eyes had expressed. "No, I shouldn't care to feel that I was the subject of a Ph.D. thesis."

I sought to assure him further. I should need to bother him, I explained, only two or three times in all. For these few occasions I meant to give him ample forewarning. He could know, then, whenever he saw me, that unless he had received a warning, the book would not be mentioned.

"But you still wish that information about my father, don't you?" he asked, as if I might have forgotten something.

"Oh, yes; very soon."

"All right. Let me know—the sooner the better."

Not long afterward, I gave him warning and then went to see him. "I think we'll not stay in here," he said, glancing about as if there might already be sharp-eyed onlookers in every corner. He led me up narrow stairs to the very top of University Hall, and there in a tiny room where the heavy hewn roof timbers hung close over our heads and the afternoon sun shone in at the dormer windows, we had a long session. But it was not long enough. We had to go back for another the next afternoon. Then for months we walked together, and, when spring came, went to baseball games together, as if no book had ever been contemplated. Once when he came into his office from a class and found me going over some material with his secretary—some quotations from his annual reports that she had wished to copy as her contribution to the volume —he looked nervously toward us but said nothing, went to his desk in the other corner of the large office, and gave himself with a great show of concentration to his work.

For months I was busy with trips to Yale, Princeton, New York, and wherever else his vitality had left biographical mate-

rial. The college year came to an end and he had retired from active duty before I gave him my second warning. I stopped at the house late on the afternoon of Commencement Day to congratulate him on the generous fund that the alumni at their annual meeting that afternoon had set aside for him and Mrs. Briggs.

"Did you know that that was going to be done?" he asked a little excitedly.

"Yes, I knew."

"Well, I didn't—didn't know a thing about it until today."

"You were not supposed to know."

"So it seems!" And quickly he turned to the subject of packing. "We want to get to the country as soon as possible. But, you see, the packing will take longer this time."

"Then I had better come before you get into it. You are hereby warned."

A day or two later when I stopped by, he called down from upstairs: "I'm packing some extra books that are up here. I'll be down in about two minutes."

I waited in the hallway. Soon he appeared at the head of the stairs without a coat, with his collar loosened, with his old blue felt slippers creeping from under his heels, and with three or four books clutched in hands held stiffly out in front of him.

"It will require only a half minute," I explained, "and it will be easy."

He came to within two or three steps of the foot of the stairs with all the books still in his hands.

"Of course," I said in an effort to put him at ease if possible, "I am to be responsible for all opinions and interpretations I express. But I wish to ask you about a matter of fact that no one seems ever to have reduced to a few words—and I wish to do so. I have in mind saying, unless you correct me, that in all your efforts in college discipline you strove, first, to help the student disciplined, and not merely humiliate him—"

"Yes," he answered very simply as he stood on the second step, still holding on to his books.

"And that you sought to administer discipline so that the faculty would be as free as possible to do its proper work—"

"Yes."

"And finally, that you tried to develop a sentiment among students which would render discipline less and less necessary—"

"Yes."

He stood for a moment oblivious of everything about him—a pleasingly disheveled old man with books clutched in hands smudged from packing—and looked away as if he were seeing back to the beginning of his career.

He started up, and then smiled. "Yes, that is about what I tried to do. If you are going to say anything, you'll be safe in saying that."

Then abruptly he asked, "Don't you think this picture of President Eliot"—right at our shoulders in the hallway—"is about the best of them all?" And he bethought himself to sit down and put the books on the step beside him before he entered into a discussion of all the photographs and etchings and lithographs of President Eliot that he remembered.

Even in correspondence he revealed this watchfulness to get away from the subject when the subject happened to be himself. I once wished additional information about certain of his favorite horses, cats, dogs, dahlias, and railway locomotives, and since one of his greatest amusements was what he called "The New Education by Questionnaire," I warned him that I was about to send him a questionnaire from New Hampshire. Then I sent him one on "plants, animals, and mechanical devices." Evidently he found it amusing. For he not only filled in the answers, but gave me such incidental reminders as "Pippa was a mare, not a cat," and begged to call my attention to the fact that the splotch of ink on page 1 was part of his "contribution." But from even this revelation of himself he had to turn quickly

to the remark that, seriously, he could not believe his pastimes of interest to any reading public, and then to the suggestion that it would be well to come down to Halfway Pond about October tenth, since the Plymouth colors were usually at their best at that time.

When we made this trip to the Pond in October (1925) I warned him for what I assured him was the final time. So many apocryphal stories about him had been set adrift from Harvard Square that I wished to check over episodes to make doubly certain that nothing apocryphal found its way into the book. We sat on the piazza, and while the Dean gazed across the Pond and patted the head of an old dog that insisted on keeping its nose against his knee, he listened as I summarized from the manuscript, and gave his "Yes" in subdued voice.

Once he stopped me. I had told of how two solicitous Cambridge ladies came to him to ask him to prevent a certain cruelty to animals. The University of Florida baseball team was coming to play Harvard, and some student publicity expert gave out the impressive information that Florida's mascot, a drowsy young alligator, would lead the procession from Harvard Square to Soldiers Field. These two ladies thought it would be inhuman to make a poor alligator march that far in the hot sun.

"Where did you get hold of that?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, I picked it up," I replied. As a matter of fact, one of his sons had put me on the track of it.

"Well, now," he said, squirming about in his chair, "I suppose the things a man would leave out himself are just the things the readers are looking for. But those two ladies are still my neighbors, and it might be safer if you did not print that while I'm alive."

He smiled; then he laughed. "They came to me with what President Eliot would call the highest of motives; but I can't believe that they had ever made a very close study of an alligator's cadence."

We went on. Once again he stopped me. "Not that that's apocryphal, either," he said. "The man who got himself into the mess would be only too glad if it were, I've no doubt, especially since he is now in politics. But I gave him my word that I would not persecute him, and if you publish the incident, even though you have omitted his name, he will recognize himself and think I have broken my promise."

He did not insist that I leave the incident out. But I was able to find another that served quite as well—in truth, better—and used it instead.

When I had completed the list he seemed greatly relieved. "And now, since you are so ready to have the blood of all the opinion and interpretation on your own hands, I think I'll see if Mrs. Briggs and Mrs. Brown aren't ready to have me hitch up for a drive around the Pond."

The Briggses were in Europe at the time the book appeared early the following summer. Mrs. Briggs asked me to send her copy to Halfway Pond, since they expected to go directly there from the boat when they returned in the early autumn.

One morning soon after they arrived, the Dean called me by telephone. He was in Cambridge, and wished to know first of all how my wife, who had been in the hospital, was coming along. He was up for the day only—for the formal opening of the year at Radcliffe College—and had nothing in particular to do for the next forty-five minutes—till quarter to ten. But perhaps I was just ready to go to my work.

I hurried off to see him. I had not expected him to read the book, and had said so in the preface. But now that he had had opportunity to read it if he wished, I was suddenly quite as jumpy as ever he had been over any of my "warnings." I thought of a hundred passages that might not withstand his critical scrutiny.

He was exceptionally cheerful. He wished to know if I had

ever visited Taormina. He had found so many glories there that we had no time for anything else before quarter to ten.

He gathered his hood and gown together, crushed them over his arm, shoved his mortarboard down into the angle of his elbow on top of the hood and gown, put on a spreading black hat which, he explained unnecessarily, he had borrowed—because he had only a straw hat down in the country—and with this overlarge black hat close down on top of his ears, and his gown dragging on the sidewalk and catching on every rough-edged brick, he directed our way toward Radcliffe. As we walked along, he said calmly, "Mrs. Briggs has read the book, and likes it; and you may have already heard from the children and my sister. I peeped into it, but I did not quite have the nerve to read it."

Whether he ever read it I do not know. I am sure, however, that he had not done so about two years later, for one day at a baseball game he told me, as if he were imparting new information, something that I had discussed at length in the book.

Nor did he ever mention the enterprise to me again, except once. On another afternoon, as we made our way toward the ball park in great leisure because of his slight temporary lameness, he asked me as we walked under the young plane trees if I had ever regretted that I turned from teaching. I told him that I had not; that I had enough writing planned to keep me busy for at least twenty years, and expected to live or die by it. A warm smile lighted up his face, and then, all the while looking straight ahead, he remarked, "And I believe you may do pretty well at it, now that you are through writing biographies of unimportant people." When anyone else spoke of the book in our presence—and it was not unusual to have great admirers of the Dean do so—that part of the conversation was allowed to die as painless a death as possible. When some Harvard graduate sent me a copy of the book and asked not only that I autograph it myself but that I have Dean Briggs do so, I usually wrote an

inscription absolving the Dean from all complicity, took the book to him, opened it without comment at the fly-leaf, and then glanced at books in the little downstairs study while he wrote something himself. When he was through and had handed the book back to me without a word, he often made some such remark as "I suppose you never knew him. He was too far back —class of '97, I believe. All three of his boys came to Harvard sooner or later. Their mother was the daughter of a classmate of mine in '75—and one of the loveliest women I have ever known."

In the eight years of his life after the book was published, I saw more of him than before. He was busy much of the time as a member of committees of the Board of Overseers at Harvard, and he was active in many other groups that concerned themselves with semipublic enterprises. Yet he had greater freedom in using his time than he had ever before enjoyed. He had entered into an agreement with one of the large publishing houses to write his memoirs, but when he came face to face with the actual writing, he asked to be released from the agreement. "I saw," he explained to me one day in rejoicing over the still greater freedom that he hoped he was now to have, "that if I wrote those memoirs and did not conceal a part of the truth, I was going to cause pain to people whom I would not hurt for anything in the world—and get myself into a hornets' nest in the bargain. So I think I'll just concentrate on baseball for the rest of my life, and let it go at that."

He usually had supplies of tickets from the Boston Major League Clubs—he never got through explaining that while they were given to him he had not begged them—and he was always looking for somebody who could go to games with him. He liked to be there ahead of time. "It is never quite a whole game for me, you know," he always explained if he feared I might be late, "unless I can see the attendants make the white lines of the

batter's box before play begins." Since my writing day is over rather early, it came to pass that we went much together—as often as two or three times a week. At seventy-seven he was the best-informed fan I have known. Constantly he set sports correspondents and baseball managers straight on college and league scores and players of ten, twenty, thirty, and forty years ago.

In his inside coat pocket he carried a leather case that served as a depositary for unusual scores. But it served also as a depositary for anecdotes from *Punch*, new poems that he liked, clippings about former students, photographs of his grandchildren, lists of groceries that he was to order, or take home with him, ideas that he thought worth jotting down. I never did see him get all the way through the contents of that case, and only on a few occasions did I ever see him find what he was looking for. But he invariably found something else that was interesting, something that started a train of stories, memories, observations. He did not repeat the same story to the same person after the manner of some old men. But he was always afraid that he might be doing so, and was constantly prefacing new stories with, "Did I ever tell you . . ." "Did I ever tell you how President Eliot said to me: 'No, don't say he is "low-down"; just say "less sensitive" '?" Or, "Have I ever said to you before . . ."

And on the subway train, in Fenway Park, at Soldiers Field, on Larz Anderson Bridge while we rested our elbows upon the coping and watched the crews on the river, his active mind was busy with all sorts of interesting oddments that he had remembered or thought upon. He was so free from guile that it never occurred to him to speak in veiled statements. With wholly untrammeled honesty he discussed men in public life—he remembered the grades they had made in college—he characterized colleagues, he commented upon changing conceptions of culture, he reflected upon new social practices. Sometimes he was caustic, as when he told me of a nationally known editor who bought an article from him and then "lifted" a certain section of it and published it as a part of one of his own signed editori-

als. "Of course, it was *his* after he bought it!" Sometimes he was distressed by the ethics of men in whom he had had confidence, as when he discussed a Vice President of the United States who had proved in a magazine article that the Radcliffe undergraduates were a bolshevik lot, by showing that a debating team representing them had one evening argued for the closed shop, and by withholding the equally important information that another team representing them had on the same evening argued for the open shop. "I never can believe he wrote that article himself," the Dean declared. "He must have hired somebody to do it for him and then signed it without knowing what was in it. But let me see, that explanation would not help matters much, would it?" He made an effort to smile, as though he were trying to conceal the hurt of some great, inclusive soreness of body. "I'm afraid the terrors of the closed shop will remain as nothing compared with the terrors of the closed mind." Sometimes he became extremely grave and talked with the nervous, fading voice that troubled him much when he spoke in public. But more often he was swept by irrepressible humor and made his commentaries with invigorating saltiness. Once when the Harvard football team was having an unusually poor season, some players on their way to practice in a strikingly luxurious automobile nearly ran us down as they made the short trip from the north side of the Charles to Soldiers Field. "Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," the Dean observed as we walked on, "but I sometimes wonder"—and his voice became crackling and merry—"if Harvard may ever hope to win games unless we somehow find players who are equal to getting from one end of the Larz Anderson Bridge to the other under their own steam." On another occasion, while we stood by the Charles and surveyed the Graduate School of Business Administration, dazzling in its newness and much white paint, he remarked as a sly smile flitted across his closely checked pink face, "It reminds me of the Spotless Town in the old advertisement for Sapolio."

There were, to be sure, all sorts of occasions when baseball

was not responsible for our being together. Often I met him along lower Brattle Street late in the afternoon when he was on his way home with a green bookbag full of provisions, and he half leaned, half hung like a grotesque question mark against the brick front of a grocery store and told me the latest anecdote he had liked—of the British lady, for instance, who had said, after heavy storms in the English Channel, "Just think, my dear, for two days the Continent has been completely isolated!" When he was shut in for several weeks of observation before he was taken to the hospital for an operation that his friends feared might not be successful, I sometimes sat with him in the bright room upstairs, while he lounged on the wide bed and read to me from the book of charades that he was writing. He seemed to be much more concerned over the way the charades were coming out than over any possible outcome of his period under observation. When finally it was decided that he must go to the hospital, he protested that they must hold off a little until he had finished the last of the charades. "I promised Pottinger that he was to have the manuscript, and he must have it." And after the operation—which turned out to have been unnecessary—just as before, he remained my final court of appeal whenever I was finishing a manuscript, or was reading proofs and had to contend with editors who believed the subjunctive mood ought to be eliminated from the English language. After he had tried a sentence out on himself—he had become eye-minded through a lifetime of theme reading and had to look at whatever he put to the test—he would relive a little of his experience as a teacher by digging from the leather case in his pocket, or from his memory, every sort of interesting specimen of idiomatic English, from Dryden's "He was a man stepped into years, and of great prudence" down to the instance he had just found in some recent volume written by a former student.

Yet through all this greater intimacy that grew from what I could not fail to see—and with a certain regret—was a habit of looking on me less as a youth and more as a near-contemporary,

I never discovered in him anything that would lead me to revise my earlier interpretation of his life—save in this: the closer I came to him, the more genuine I found him. The high level on which he lived was his natural level. The irrepressible inclination to see the ridiculous in so many things was his natural appreciation of the vast chasm between what men pretend and what they achieve. The glow of good will which shone in his face was the natural expression of his own great humility and his own great beneficence. With Miguel de Unamuno he cried out through everything he did: "Warmth, warmth, more warmth! For men die of cold and not of darkness; it is not the night but the frost that kills."

This fundamental warmth of spirit infused every other quality of his character. No matter how his fellow beings chanced to come in contact with him, they discovered in him very soon something that was friendly to life. Colleagues said, "Yes, he's one of the fellows Briggs helped through college." Professors at Yale said, with the least trace of pleasure in their skepticism, "But do you think the Harvard of today produces men with the sympathies of Dean Briggs?" Harvard students far from home said, "We were feeling low last night and went over and spent an hour with the Dean—and his cat Joshua." Radcliffe graduates said, "We wouldn't for the world have had him a nice, sleek, impervious president in a morning coat." Policemen on the lower Brattle Street beat said, "And don't you suppose we could tell you about one or two ourselves that he kept from going plumb to hell?" The Irish housemaid who had long been with the family said, "And once in the country when he was taking me to ten-thirty Mass, and the door of the old machine came open a dozen times, he slammed it hard and said, 'Confound it!' And said I, 'Oh, Mr. Briggs! Now I've learned what I've been wanting to know all these years: you are no angel!' And then for days after, when he was in the house he'd say softly but so that I'd be sure to hear him, 'Well, confound it!' And I'd say, 'Oh, try to patch things up if you want to, but I

don't believe you can ever get forgiven for anything as grievous as that!' " And Harvard men of all ages below fifty or sixty said when they saw him trudging along in front of the baseball stands with his big yellow blanket on his arm, "Why, there's the old Dean!" Then they gathered round him in such numbers that the policeman had to ask them—in the least obtrusive manner he could invent—not to block the way behind the catcher's net, and the Dean was unable to get to his accustomed seat along the third-base line until the first or second man at bat was out.

It was this warmth of spirit which resulted in such vast accumulations of renown and affection that to many he seems more like a legend than a man who took his departure only one morning in 1934. "He is not real!" "Men like that do not exist!" "He is too good to be true!" "He is somebody's creation!" And now that I never meet him in Harvard Square or in the Yard—though in some ineradicable way I am constantly expecting to do so—I sometimes wonder myself: Is it possible that I once walked in the full light of day in this matter-of-fact, turbulent world with such a man as that?

There was about his life something beyond belief. But it did not result from any unreality. Rather it resulted from a greater reality than most men are prepared to see. He struggled. In his childhood he had had the uncommon experience of living without respite among people who were beyond him in size and years. His brother was older; his two half-sisters were older; and because of his aptitudes he was in school classes and school games where everybody was older. Always he had to be exercising his mind earnestly—painfully, he sometimes confessed—in an effort to come up to something that was a little out of reach. This unquiet, exploring mind stayed with him. With the desperation which the hungry reveal he sought to draw near to all sorts of remote worlds, all sorts of new understandings, all sorts of subtle intimations, which to the less persistent must forever remain far off and nebulous. In consequence, he seems unreal because he lived so close to truth.

10. They Were Not Alone

IT IS much easier to write the beginning of a book of sketches out of the past than it is to shape the concluding chapter. Predecessors of those whom one seeks to reveal possess interest, to be sure, but it is only a casual interest for the writer, and probably for the reader. In the present instance someone conceivably may ask if Francis J. Child, famous in the field of the English and Scottish popular ballad, did not live on almost into the beginning of the twentieth century. But no one will go as far back as the time of Louis Agassiz and ask why he has not been included. It is taken for granted that the author had to set out from somewhere, and that he is entitled to choose that point himself.

But he is granted no such full freedom in the concluding word. He encounters complications in trying to say that he is through. If he stops abruptly, without mentioning other men who lived with those about whom he has chosen to write, and without merging that earlier time with the times following, his contemporaries may feel that he has only idealized one corner of the past so that it looks important in its complete isolation. If he tries to avoid any just criticism of this sort by mentioning other figures who were important at the time with which he has concerned himself, but who through circumstance did not touch his life at that time, or if he makes reference to those who were young or new at that time and only on their way to a later

eminence, it is always possible to say that he should have included somebody else, or should have carried the chapter to a farther point, in order to guarantee fairer perspective. In full awareness of all the hazards, I must risk my chosen way.

The twelve, in the first place, must not be left in any idealized isolation. They were surrounded by men who were themselves widely accepted for their contributions to life. Charles R. Lanman—with whom I had personal acquaintance only after many years, when he had become an elderly man—was known throughout the world for his work in Sanskrit, and especially for the development of the Harvard Oriental Series, which in the course of forty years or more he edited with great enthusiasm and amazing thoroughness from Volume 1 on past Volume 30. He lived—with his devoted orientalist friend, Henry Clarke Warren, for whom Warren House was named—while the Classics were recognized as an important part of education, the Classics from east of Europe as well as the Classics of Greece and Rome. The Commission of Japanese Scholars formed to celebrate the twenty-five-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Buddha honored him by awarding him a medal—one of eight awarded to scholars of the world outside of Japan—for his services to students of Buddhism in the United States.

The East and the West, he never ceased saying, must know each other. They were struggling toward the same summit. They must live in the peace and the love and the light taught by Buddha as well as by Christ. Where could one find a happier calling than in bringing the East and the West together in the fullness of understanding sought by the scholar?

He applied his boundless energy to whatever interested him. He rowed so much on the Charles, even in his eighties—he boasted of a total of twelve thousand miles—that the *Crimson* named him Charles River Lanman. He professed to keep to the Charles because no automobiles were allowed there, except at the bottom, "where I seldom go."

He made no effort to popularize his courses, as he might easily have done. If students were interested, let them come and find out what he was doing. Once he had a course that was to meet at his house in the evening. Two football players who had noticed in the printed rank list that some athlete had received a *B* in Sanskrit went to the first meeting. Mrs. Lanman sat just through an open way from the two, who listened painfully while Professor Lanman proceeded into the lecture. Finally one of them leaned over to the other, and Mrs. Lanman heard him say, "Hell, it's a language!" It did not matter to Professor Lanman that they hurriedly withdrew from the wrong course, or that professors in other institutions appropriated the episode as their own. He was busy with a glorious kind of human enterprise. Eventually he was proud to say that he had given fifty-eight years of his life to Harvard, and learning, and world-wide good will.

Barrett Wendell, who gave the impression as he crossed the Yard that he was a caddish gentleman out of the age of Queen Elizabeth, was a strange combination of Tory, loyal son of his alma mater, and messenger of good will to peoples in other lands, especially to the French. The French could not understand his spoken English, but he succeeded in letting them know that he was happy to be among them. George Santayana said that Wendell's books were not worth writing. But his *English Composition* was a book of great influence, for it helped to make the transition from the old-style ponderous books of rhetoric to the freer practice of writing without the dead weight of overmuch theory. And he wrote a book for American readers called *The France of Today* which delighted the French as much as the Americans. Very appropriately the French named a lecture hall in the Sorbonne Salle Barrett-Wendell.

John Knowles Paine was a very influential man, not only because he was a distinguished early orchestral composer and widely known organist, but because by his serious concern with

music in a college of liberal arts he awakened a new regard for music among many generations of Harvard men, who went out from the College and helped to constitute an appreciative audience for the work of all musicians.

There were many others. The Moore brothers, George Foot and Edward Caldwell, two rugged men in scholarship, left a large and deep impression through what they did for the Yard in religion. Sometimes as they walked beneath the elms together, noticeable in their size and dignified bearing, they were called the Yard's perfect representation of the scholar and of the gentleman. George Foot Moore professed not to like the characterization, since he said that he too was a gentleman!

Professor E. L. Mark came to be known not only for his work in the field of anatomy but for the sweep of his years. Early in the century students looked upon him as an elderly man, yet he lived on actively for forty years and attained the age of ninety-nine. In his nineties he was a distinguished figure on his way daily to his laboratory. E. S. Sheldon at much the same time was living a long life by compression. He modestly and prodigiously crowded into a smaller number of years enough work in linguistics to fill the longest lifetime.

F. W. Taussig possessed many of the bright edges of personal quality that a biographer is always happy to find, and he was interested with the warmth of a crusader in money and money-making, the inventive mind, and the relations of economics and psychology; and he was a magician in stirring students to thought. Edwin H. Hall, in the field of physics, worked along in a quiet glow of inquiry that gave students a new conception of the work of the scholar. Paul H. Hanus brought a new significance to the study of education when he had to wage a constant war against those who thought it unnecessary to study education at all. Kuno Francke remained steadfast through disconcerting years to the highest in German civilization and in every civilization. And Charles Hall Grandgent not only illu-

minated the world of Romance scholarship, but brightened every social and academic occasion in which he was a participant.

These men, and the others whom they must represent, possessed such vivid qualities that they would have been notable in any field. There was in them the vast reach of life—from studiousness and austerity to gaiety and the deeps of tenderness and heartbreak. Grandgent, for instance, meant to his colleagues and friends unlimited mirth, and whimsicality, and the salvation to be found in humor. I had so thought of him myself. Yet after long years of late friendship that grew steadily, I one day had a revelation of self-effacing greatness of spirit that I had scarcely been aware of in his bright friendliness. I had been away and had not seen him for many weeks; and then one Sunday afternoon as I walked alone I saw him coming—in front of Bertram Hall at Radcliffe. His ruddy face looked not unusual—he always seemed engrossed in something—and when he was near I made the kind of conventional remark of greeting that he himself often made: "Well, how is the world turning today?"

He came very close as if he must be confidential, and since he was not tall, he took the edge of one of my coat lapels between his fingers. "Oh"—and he addressed me with an intimate name that he sometimes applied to me, and I saw that he was overwhelmed—"not so well. You have been away and would not know; but the doctor has just told me that Mrs. Grandgent cannot last another twenty-four hours, and I had to get out in the air." When I had tried to stammer something he went on: "Kittredge told me once that when his mother died, his father dropped dead. But I cannot hope for any such good fortune. My heart is too sturdy."

These men had been there. And eventually they helped one to a more complete view, a more complete appraisal, of those whom one had known from the beginning.

So likewise did the younger men of the Yard, who were coming along on the way to their own later eminence. They

were such men as Charles H. Haskins, the perfect combination of a scholar in history and a teacher and administrator devoted to the young; Frederick J. Turner, just then bringing a fresh Midwestern view to the study of American history; Walter R. Spalding and Edward Burlingame Hill in the expanding world of music; George H. Parker, pioneering in the world of zoology; W. G. Howard, unfolding to the young at Harvard and elsewhere the substantial glories of German literature; Fred N. Robinson, revealing the richness of Chaucer; Byron S. Hurlbut, filling the College Dean's office with the warmth of a great devotion; Charles B. Gulick and E. K. Rand, bringing sunlight to the world of the Classics; John A. Walz, giving new understandings to the influence of Germany in America; Irving Babbitt, fighting for the ordered life—and denouncing Rousseau; Arthur N. Holcombe, moving toward his liberal career in the field of government; Bliss Perry, just then in middle life, turning from the *Atlantic Monthly* to the Yard to give to the teaching of Emerson and the English poets such freshness that the largest classroom was scarcely large enough to hold all the students who year after year wished to sit at his feet; Edward W. Forbes and Paul J. Sachs, extending the fame of the Fogg Museum far beyond the limits of North America; J. D. M. Ford, vivifying the world of the Romance languages; Chester N. Greenough, revealing the delights of urbane literature.

There were growing reminders that the earlier age retreated farther and farther. Ralph Barton Perry—now emeritus since 1946—was a young instructor then; and Percy W. Bridgman, thought of by many as a philosopher as well as a physicist, was still busy with his own graduate studies. It was ten years before William Ernest Hocking came to the Yard; and it was twenty years before Alfred North Whitehead came. Archibald T. Davison, who made over the whole conception of college music, just touched hands with that earlier time by having as his first assignment when he came to his post as organist and

choirmaster at Harvard the playing of the organ in Appleton Chapel at the funeral of William James (1910).

A. Lawrence Lowell's life, quite apart from the full consideration that it deserves in its own official right, provides the best of all means of looking back to "The Golden Age" with full awareness of the onward sweep of activity. He was a Bostonian, he was a brilliant lecturer, he had abundant energy—good Republicans before the days of the Bull Moosers professed to see in him a highly civilized Teddy Roosevelt—and both he and Mrs. Lowell were known for their graciousness. Although he was just past forty when he turned from the practice of law to take up his work in the Yard, he possessed qualities that seemed to put him quite at home among the older men who had largely given the Yard its repute. Yet his life reached on so far ahead, and encompassed so many diversified events and ideas, that it helped singularly to give a sense of perspective to any view of what came before it.

Immediately after he became president he declared for the undergraduate college as the heart of a university's life, and proposed having the freshmen housed in such comfortable dormitories as Harvard had never before built. Here was no concern to be disposed of in less than a substantial reach of years.

And then a World War claimed his attention—and all the complications in the academic life that a war inevitably brings. He was adamant when there was a demand among the alumni that Professor Münsterberg be thrown out for pro-German sympathies. Once later when there was a movement in the Board of Overseers to call for the dismissal of a teacher who held radical economic beliefs, President Lowell assured the members who brought the question up that he did not agree with this teacher, but that if they passed the resolution, they would at once have their president's resignation.

His interest, likewise, in having Harvard remain an institution

for men fixed much attention upon him. He was not opposed to coeducation where it was established. But there ought to be colleges also for separate education—for women and for men. When an article appeared in *Harper's Magazine* under the title of "Coeducation vs. Literature" which showed how in coeducational colleges subjects came to be thought of as men's subjects and women's subjects, and how in these institutions such subjects as English had steadily come to be regarded as "women's subjects," much to the loss of the men, President Lowell used the material widely to prove what he declared he had always somehow known. He wanted women to come into possession of educational facilities just as good as those enjoyed by men, but he thought it important to keep the Yard a man's Yard—just as one good instance.

The erection of buildings while he was president was such an unheard-of enterprise that this part of his work alone seemed somehow to give almost unimaginable inclusiveness to his life: Widener Library, the freshman dormitories along the river, the completed Langdell Hall, the new dormitories in the Yard, the Graduate School of Business Administration, the Mallinckrodt Chemical Laboratories, the new Fogg Art Museum, the Germanic Museum, the Music Building, and all the impressive structures of the House Project—to say nothing of many lesser buildings.

It must be admitted, too, that certain of his incapacities to see claimed much of many people's time. Early he opposed the appointment of Louis D. Brandeis to the United States Supreme Court by President Woodrow Wilson. He seemed wholly unable to discern that what George Pierce Baker was doing in the drama might have national significance—when people in general throughout the country were quite able to see. And he never seemed to grasp all the elements of the Sacco-Vanzetti case that had disturbed even those who had believed the two guilty of the murder. In all matters he was cordial, and ready to hear,

and ready to pace the floor and discuss. But usually a specific matter seemed already settled in his own mind.

Yet the weight of his life was on the side of generosity, and healthiness of spirit, and the gentilities. And no man was ever more devoted to his college. Always one was meeting him when he walked—usually with his spaniel—and looked at this or that in the interest of Harvard. Once when I met him along the Charles he told me in shrewd glee how he had outwitted the oversharp real-estate dealers when Harvard had decided on the river site for the Business School. Early one Sunday morning when the cement had been poured in the Mallinckrodt building up to the last floor I clambered toward the top to see what it was like, and came upon President Lowell and Mrs. Lowell busily inspecting everything before time for the chapel service over in the Yard. "Now"—and he made a sweeping gesture above the vast areas of brick and mortar and cement—"we shall have enough scientific equipment to develop fifty Pasteurs. But I don't expect to have them. As soon as professors have all the equipment they require, they are swallowed up in the details of administration."

On another occasion, in his office, as he paced the floor and discussed a matter, he said in a burst of frankness that when he retired he was not going to be an embarrassment to his successor by continuing to live in Cambridge. President Eliot after he retired—he called him "Old Eliot"—had always been there at hand for people to run to whenever they imagined that something was going wrong in Harvard. He meant to get away. He meant to move back to Boston.

When he had done so, and came over from time to time to visit the Yard, men's faces brightened at the sight of him as something long familiar. When it was known that he was to preside at one session of the Tercentenary and introduce President Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom he did not admire beyond qualification, there was much amiable speculation over his probable

form of introduction. And men had to admit at the end of the rainy afternoon that both presidents had been able to do well in a tight place.

When President Conant's administration was already nearly a decade old, President Lowell came into the Faculty Club one warm day in the summer vacation where a scant half-dozen of us sat near one end of the long table at the head of the large dining room. We jumped up and begged him to sit with us.

He sat and looked about with delight. "You cannot imagine, gentlemen, how pleasant it is to be here once again amid all these happy associations where I have spent so much of my life."

He told stories out of the older world, and though he was very deaf and had to cup his hand over his ear and lean forward doubtfully when others spoke, he was never more brilliant.

After we had sat long, the rest of us intent on every word he uttered, and then had gone out into the lobby, he walked up to the desk as if he had thought of something, and said to the new girl who stood at her place impressively: "I forgot to make out a slip for my lunch. Would you be good enough to speak to the head waitress and ask her to make one out for me?"

Very efficiently the girl asked: "What is the name?"

Without a touch of disturbance, he bowed very graciously and said: "Lowell."

The incident did not cause him to seem remote. But suddenly I saw, through the inclusiveness of his life, how much had come to be between the moment then present and the years of the Golden Age. Back over everything and everybody that filled the intervening years, it was now possible to see Eliot and James and Shaler and Norton and Briggs and the rest, not in any idealized isolation, but as they moved in the full course of life that included their distinguished contemporaries and distinguished successors. In this unending procession, one could see how the twelve remained men of stature. I had found where the concluding chapter about them could appropriately come to an end.

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